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Vol. CXXV. No. 1634 MAY 16, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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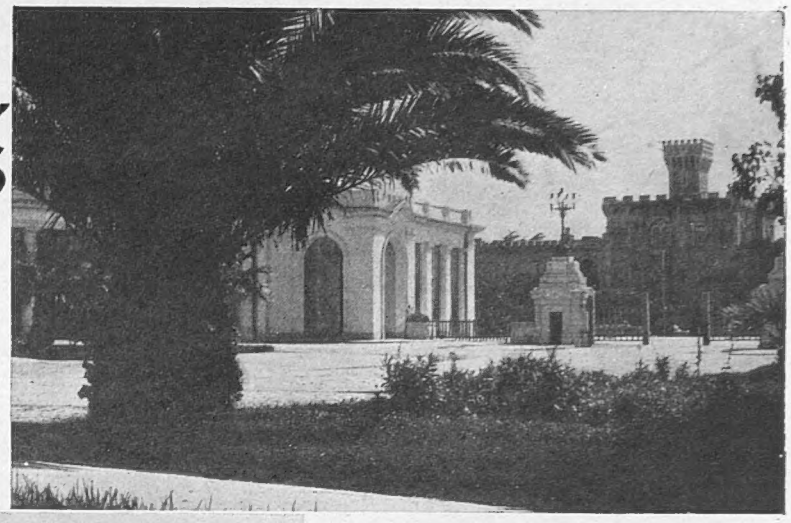

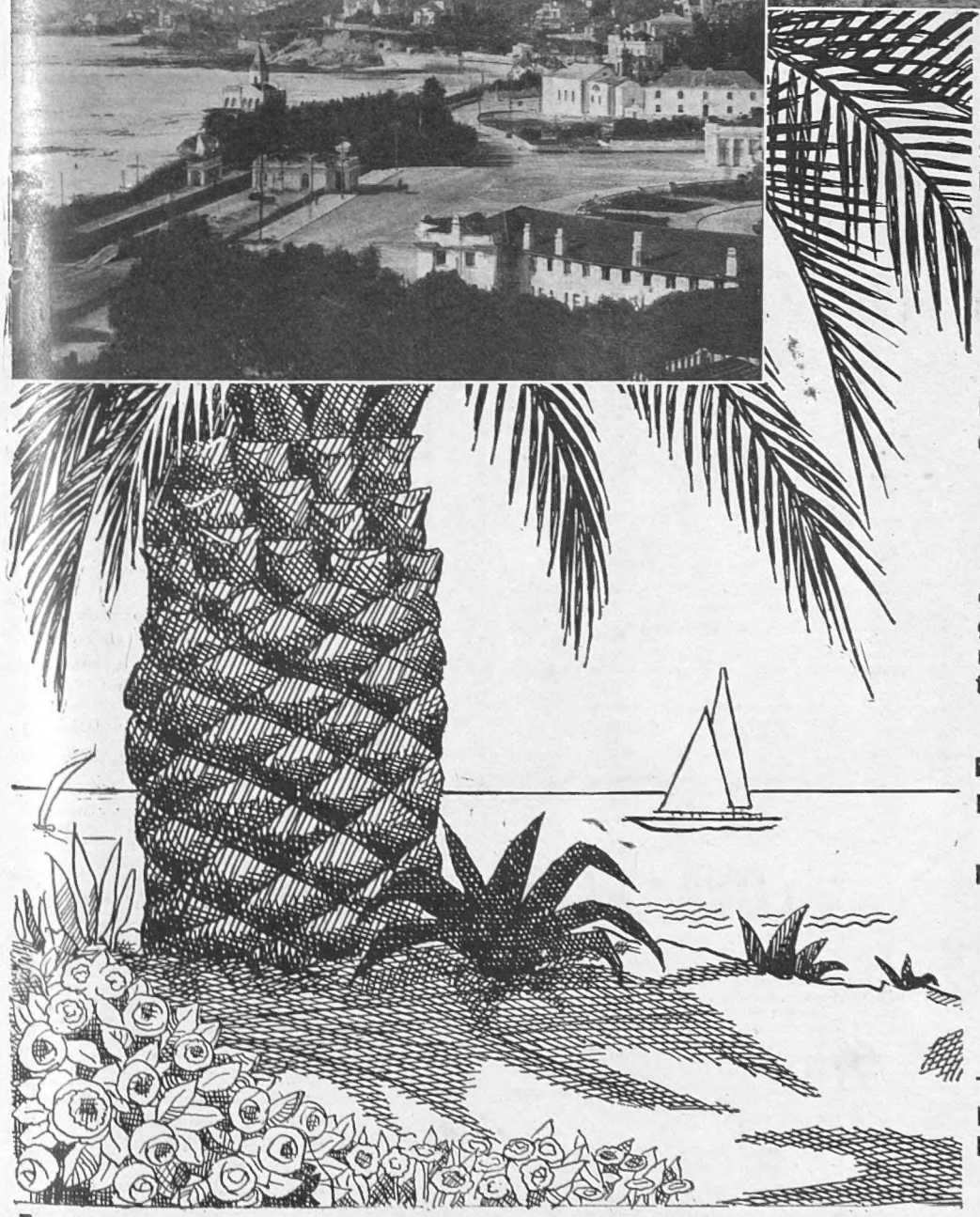

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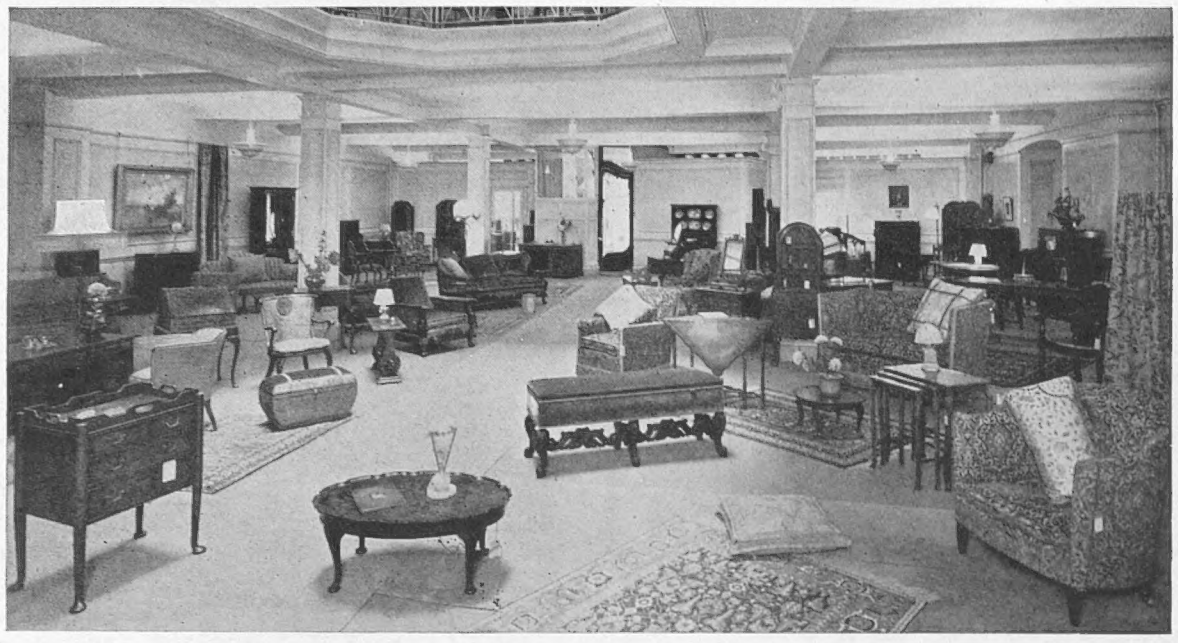

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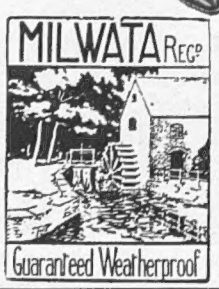

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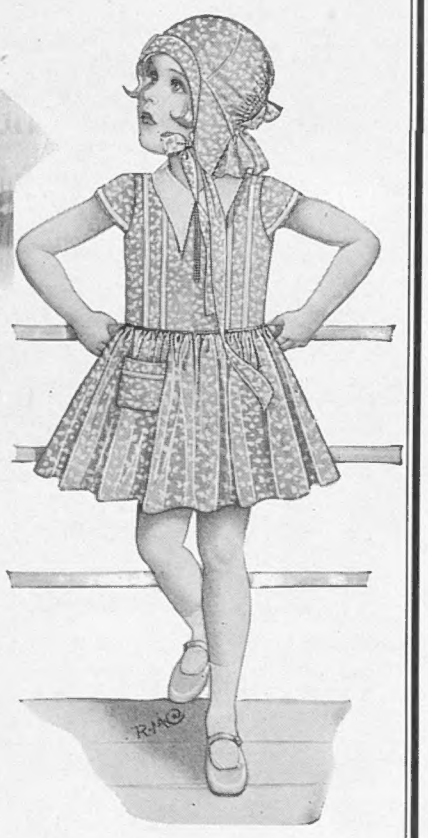

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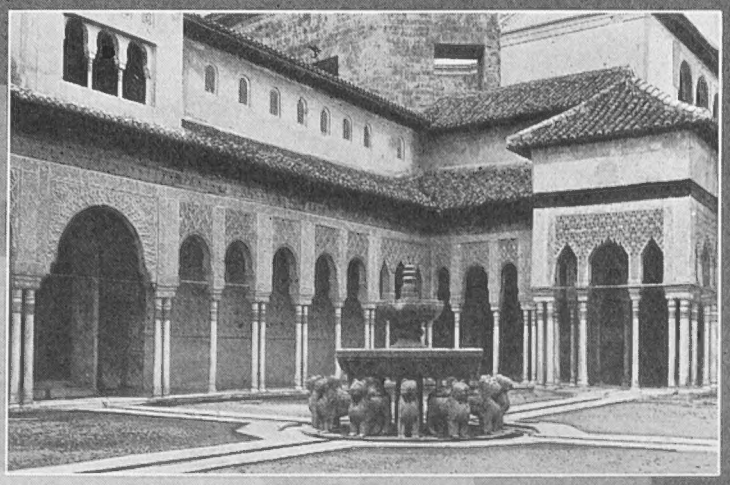
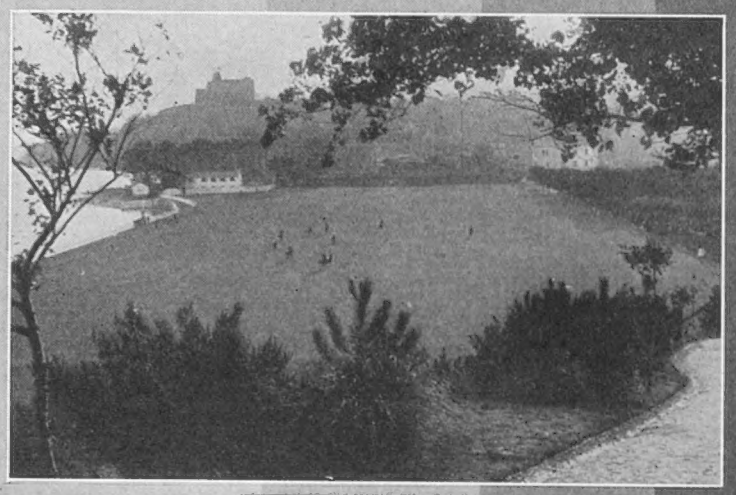
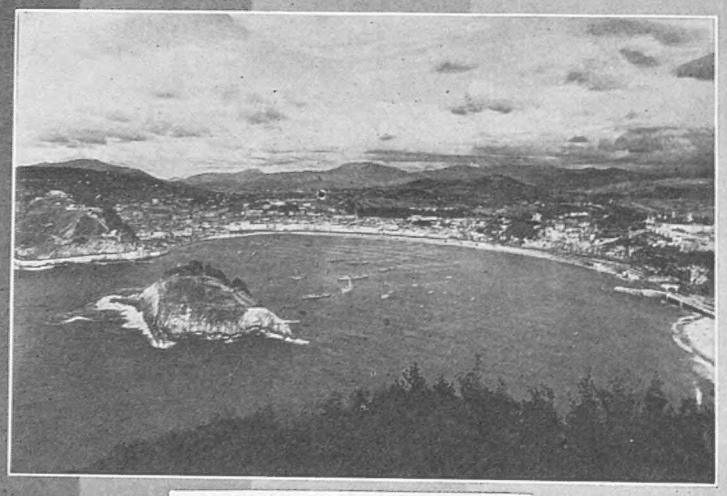


GRANADA. The Alhambra Courtyard of the Lions.

SEGOVIA. The Castle.



SANTANDER. Polo Field.



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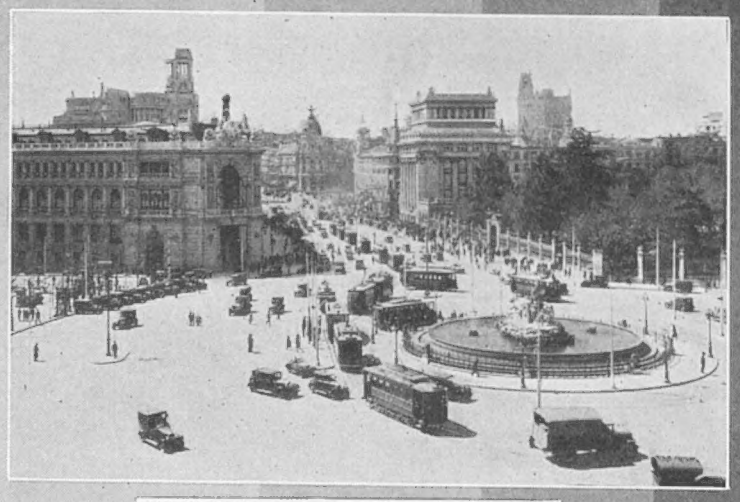

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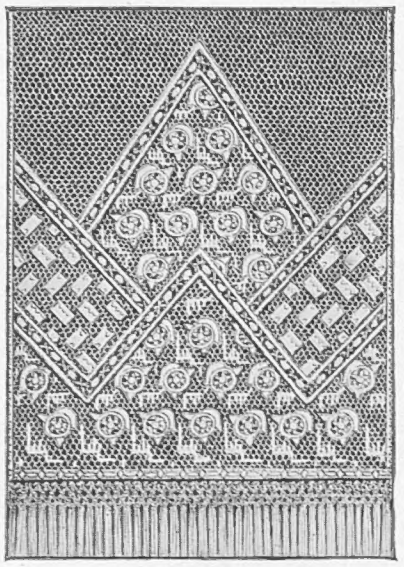

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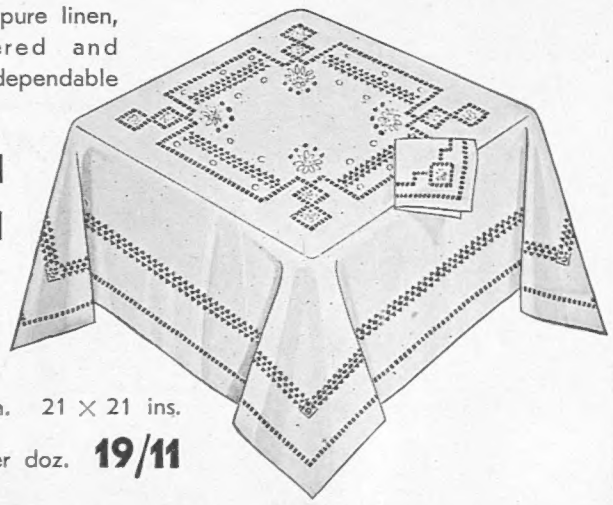

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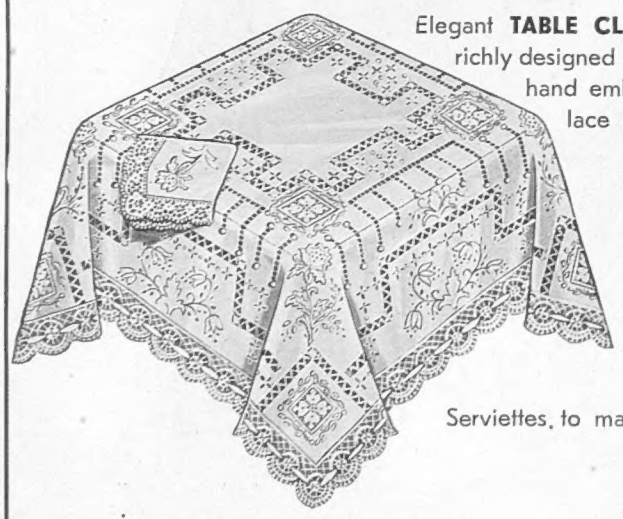

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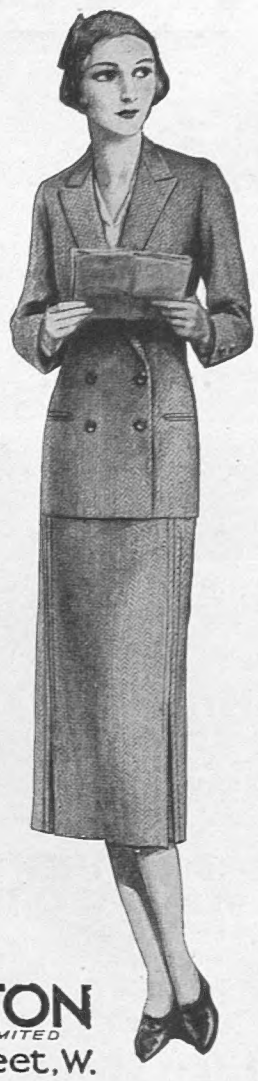

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly | Volume CXXV No. 1634 | Price One Shilling, Postage { inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3½d. } | London, May 16, 1931

The COMMAND PERFORMANCE

The King and Queen and the Earl and Countess of Athlone in the Royal Box at the Palladium last Monday

One of the traditional features of London is the Command Performance, at which the cream of the variety stage plays before the King and Queen, the proceeds of which go to the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund. This year the institution will benefit by £3,000. It is typical of the kindliness of Their Majesties to lend their presence so regularly to such an event. The stately moment at which this picture was taken was not in the least characteristic of the jolly evening which ensued, the King and Queen thoroughly enjoying the fun and humour on the stage. Smoking was permitted but very little indulged in, owing to a kindly thought for the King's throat. Friendliness and loyalty mingled in very pleasant fashion, and the only function of the mounted police outside was to check any over zealous exuberance on the King's arrival and departure.

A London Newsletter

THE SOCIAL SEASON IN FULL SWING: The season of balls in private houses, and subscription dances in hotels is now in full blast

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, May 13, 1931

"The Land for the People."—Mr. Lloyd George, in what seemed to me a very lucid, fair, and restrained exposition of the points in favour of free trade—his maiden radio speech—argued that while protection was an admirable election cry in bad times, those who cried it invariably forgot it when they came to power. In short, free trade is practical politics and protection a political stunt for a party in opposition. And the reason for this, he suggested, is that protection is too risky for practical experiment. After reading Mr. Snowden's land tax exposition, I feel inclined to employ for the taxation of land values the same argument that Mr. George applies to protection, though Mr. George's views are not necessarily mine. It is an excellent party slogan, a magnificent weapon in class-warfare, but a highly dangerous experiment for a Government in power to undertake. Once it was tried, and when the cost of the experiment had exceeded the returns by five it was dropped like a dead rat. Mr. Snowden's proposals foreshadow the embodiment of a new and huge army of Civil Servants; the calculations they are asked to make in arriving at 12,000,000 separate land valuations are so complicated and the principles so ill-determined that this army must be composed of specialists at specialist rates of pay. Disputed valuations are quite certain to congest the business of the Law Courts for years to come. The scheme, which once more relieves the working class of any responsibilities of citizenship, cuts right across recent sound legislation in the sphere of town planning and rent restriction. It is very difficult at first sight not to hold that the proposal is a party manœuvre, vindictive and altogether too sketchy and vague to be considered as a sound financial measure or a statesmanlike conception. Witness Mr. Beyfus's pointed instance of the Inns of Court Gardens and their valuation.

The Issue of the Second Chamber.—Immediately after the terms of the Budget were known the wiseacres revealed the diabolical schemes of Mr. MacDonald. The 1931 Budget was designed merely to aggravate the financial crisis to be faced next April. By next Spring, with or without Liberal support, the Government will have worn itself and its uncertain majority out, and a General Election will be imminent. Then the Labour Party will make its new bid for power with a programme fascinating to extreme Socialists and unlikely to shock the vast bulk of the population which contributes little or nothing by direct taxation. Even if the peak of trade depression has been reached and is passed before next Spring, another turn of the screw by direct taxation will be the only possible expedient, if the Budget is to be balanced. The Socialists will therefore feature in their programme a most exciting Double Bill—to bleed the plutocrats and to deal once and for all with the aristocratic Second Chamber that has so long checkmated every honest effort to secure vitally needed social reforms. Thus the wiseacres who observe with interest that already the preliminary stage of the campaign of Hate against the House of Lords has been launched by the Premier. Mr. Snowden's Budget is certainly a makeshift, but in my opinion the pressure is too great these days in Downing Street to give even to a Machiavelli the opportunity of elaborating Satanic political schemes for next year. Yet I sincerely hope that the issue of the Lords will at last be fought out with determination, because in my opinion the stock of the Second Chamber stands higher to-day in the country than at any time since 1910. The country cries out for economy and the Lords alone have, regardless of the consequences to their order, made a determined stand against squandermania. And secondly, the Second Chamber stands in bitter need of self-reform. The hereditary principle must be pruned down, for it is a crying absurdity to-day in its present form.

A Hampering Chorus.—The Chamber is far too large, composed as it is of the most tried, the ablest, the most experienced administrators, statesmen, and specialists (a quite invaluable revising body), whose reputation is constantly jeopardized by an unskilled chorus where the only qualification may be descent from a great man dead these two hundred years. Cut out the chorus and the anomaly of Labour representation in the Upper House will resolve itself. The whole business of block creation of peerages from political necessity is the surest way to bring the hereditary system to a ridiculous impasse. It is outrageous to force peerages on poor men who cannot support them and on ambitious politicians who receive with their patents the deathblow to their careers. But the hereditary principle has excellent points still. It only needs tightening up. It is a necessary adjunct to (even constitutional) sovereignty. It is the cradle of high ideals of service and statesmanship and noble traditions. But the accident of birth is no longer a sufficient qualification. It is a sound qualification for *candidature*, but for *selection* achievement must be added to it. The Second Chamber can always rely on comprising a hundred legislators of the best type in the country. The rest of its members are a hampering chorus which should be cut out. Those who value the services of the Second Chamber and recognize the still potent influence of the hereditary principle should pray that the issue may be fought out now and finally.

The Pitcher and the Well.—Of late the toll of the air has been as terrible in quality as in quantity. Glen Kidston survived "certain death" a score of times, and came up smiling to make the great gamble again before the sensation of his last escape had died from public memory. Like his father before him, who was a famous grouse shot and remarkably skilled in other forms of sport, he must for ever be in the van of new experiments. Recalling the variety of his adventures it is hard to realize that he died at thirty-two. He was born without nerves, and for sixteen years was never beyond the clutches of sudden death for more than a few weeks. At sixteen he was torpedoed in the *Hogue* and picked up after three hours in the sea. He was interned for a few months, and as soon as he was available volunteered for submarine duty. For three years he was in this deadly branch in home and China seas under war conditions, and after a trip round the world in a cruiser returned to the submarine service and to the command of a latest model submarine. Then he chucked the service and took up motor-bicycle racing, constantly risking his neck in speed trials at home and on the Continent. Then he did a number of car-racing records with Woolf Barnato. Car-racing led to motor-boat racing, and once at least he looked death in the eyes at this sport when his boat broke in half travelling at 70 m.p.h., and he and Mrs. Kidston passed a bad half-hour in the sea. Then he tried the air as soon as his clothes were dry (1928), and got his ticket in no time. He kept a fleet of private 'planes and was part owner of Loewenstein's ill-fated Fokker which he subsequently flew to Kenya for a sporting trip. He crashed in it, of course, on the White Nile. He was sole survivor of the German air liner disaster at Caterham, rendering first aid while his own clothes still smouldered. He was flying solo again next day. Only yesterday he was the hero of a great flight to South Africa. And to-day his crowded hour of glorious life is over. Considering the risks he ran he had a wonderfully long run.

The Joys of the Road.—The Ministry of Transport has spoken, and its new provisional regulations for public motor vehicles curtail for ever a great deal of the joy of the open road. On pain of being "bumped off" by the conductor, a charabanc passenger must no longer

(a) roar out obscenities in high streets,
(b) stone or stun with bottles or bananas the oldest inhabitants,
(c) operate a noisy instrument,
(d) trail a balloon or other streamer,
(e) tell funny stories to the driver,
(f) shoot or kill with firearms any of the King's lieges or their oxen or asses.

When halted, he may still set fire to commons and lay man traps of broken glass, tear up flowers, discharge greasy papers, and scrawl puerilities on walls or public seats. But it is Ichabod for the charabanker. Yet let him take heart. Regulations are one thing, their enforcement another. We long suffered under a speed limit, but we didn't let it spoil our pleasure or our speed average.

The Proud Somersets.—Early last Thursday morning I was driving from Frome to Bournemouth, and found myself in Maiden Bradley. The name set my thoughts on the romance of the Seymours, this "younger branch" of a great Tudor family whose head was a knight, and younger brother the grandest of grand dukes. I recalled how generations later the elder branch succeeded to the honours won by the younger. I recalled the "proud Duke" who, when his second wife offered to kiss him, rebuked her with: "Madam, my first Duchess never ventured such a liberty." I reminded myself how the Somerset Dukedom is unique among dukedoms in that the Barony of Seymour is its solitary offering by way of courtesy title to the heir. Most eldest sons of Dukes are styled "Marquis," and have a choice of titles. And the eldest grandson is styled "Earl," and great grandson may be styled "Viscount." But in the proud Somerset Dukedom, the eldest son is a mere Baron by courtesy, and his eldest son a mere Honourable. Then I thought of the sixteenth Duke, and how remote seemed his chance of succession in the days when he was a boy at Blundell's famous school. (All this branch of the family were faithful to Blundell's, the *alma mater* of Parson Russell and girt Jan Ridd.) For besides his oblique relationship to the fifteenth Duke, there were at least four claimants and a very obscure descent on a succession of then undocumented marriages. But *his* claim was preferred and allowed. And so meditating I reached Bournemouth and the newspapers, and the first item of news was the sudden death of this model country gentleman.

Piety Misplaced.—When excerpts appeared in the Press of Major French's forthcoming biography of his father, Lord French of Ypres, I allowed myself a gloomy prophecy that this well-intentioned effort to counteract some of the criticisms which history has made on that gallant soldier, would do little service to the reputation of subject or author. I fear that prophecy is now fulfilled. As for the author, he is following the road which some of the most experienced writers we have, have already taken; and a biography of a famous figure in the political history of 1914–18 is not one to be lightly undertaken to-day even by a brilliant historian, an experienced writer, and an impartial critic. As for the subject, nothing written here or henceforth is likely to affect the verdict of history. Lord French was a gallant and experienced soldier of the old school, and a good friend, but he was for two or three reasons unsuited to the supreme command of an ever-growing army serving in a foreign country on the flank of a foreign ally in a struggle so gigantic that political considerations must inevitably interfere in the actual direction of operations in the field. Major French's biography is made up for the most part of already published matter. Of that which is new, the Field-Marshal's own diary provides reading which is neither inspiring nor helpful. It is the jottings of an overworked man, partially informed and inevitably prejudiced by the difficulties of his own immediate job, and it is difficult to believe that it was ever intended to be published. Considering the mass of documents published and the greater mass available, it is impossible not to remark on one or two notable omissions to refer to highly contentious episodes in the Field-Marshal's command. Nothing certainly here or hereafter to be written will affect the re-established reputation of Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

Who was it?—As I was seeing someone off to Italy the other morning I observed seated in the corner of a 1st class carriage on the 11.15 Simplon Express, a man making pencil notes on an envelope. His hair and moustache were grey, his eyes observant and prominent. He looked incredibly comfortable and a finished work of art, at once an experienced man of the world and an eternal boy. I realized with a pang that here was that rare bird, a man who understood exactly the art of living, who had so dealt with the accident of his own birth and sojourn in a grey and labouring world that with the minimum of effort he was sure of extracting the maximum of warmth and colour from the unpromising fire before which he spread both hands. He had been seeing and conversing with a few amusing people in London, he had fixed up a couple of satisfactory contracts for his work with pen and pencil, and he would dine next day under a pergola weighed down with crimson blossoms overlooking a blue sea under a deep blue Italian sky. He probably earned more money per sheet than most successful writers earn per quire. He could draw crowds into a circle with the aid of a pair of compasses, two strokes, and two dots. He looked as if he was well aware that, while others sweated at the harvest, he had the trick of choosing the place where the ripe grapes drop into the open mouth. He would dine next day in the fragrant, colourful quiet of Rapallo. And the sound of the grinding in dingy London would reach him faintly like church bells across the valley. It was . . .

"The English Review."—*The English Review* has been taken over by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. Eyre and Spottiswoode need no introduction to the public. On June 1 *The English Review* will unfurl a new standard, and it is hoped that a stalwart army will rally round it. There are new and good names among the leaders of the movement. On that new standard will be embroidered some admirable watchwords, watchwords which old stagers have perhaps too often cried with senile voice; a voice not often heard in the roar of a noisy world. National economy, personal responsibility, high ideals in family life and social converse, independence of judgment in art and literature and politics, veneration for great traditions. Brave words. Here then is the flickering torch grasped by younger and stronger hands (and not too soon). The unfurling is billed for June 1: the least you can do, gentle reader, is to attend the ceremony, and if the cause is bravely tackled, I doubt not you will join and strengthen the ranks of this admirable crusade. A humble private (as ever), I shall myself take the King's shilling (monthly).

THE OLD STAGER.

FIELD SPORT of the WEEK

ONE SPORT OF GREECE: M. H. Gibbs-Smith, who won the combined championship and handicap javelin-throwing event during the Bank of England Sports Club Athletic Sports Meeting at Roehampton. The pose adopted by a practitioner of this art recalls the friezes of ancient Hellas

ANOTHER SPORT OF GREECE: A member of the Spartan Ladies' Athletic Club training for the discus-throwing event at Hounslow

UP AND OVER: Mr. D. H. Deakin, of the the Royal Military Academy, wins the high jump by clearing 5 ft. 8 in. during the triangular athletic sports meeting between the Royal Military College (Sandhurst), the Royal Air Force College (Cranwell), and the "Shop" (Woolwich)

NEWS *from the* OCEAN

DOOMED : The motor-ship Malabar *which ran aground on the rocks at Long Bay, Syaney, during a heavy fog. Four hours after striking the rocks the vessel was abandoned. Passengers and crew were landed safely but the vessel was a total loss. This picture was taken nine hours after striking the rocks*

SOVIET DUMPING : Butter is being dumped by Russia to cut out the New Zealand trade. Some of a great shipment is seen above

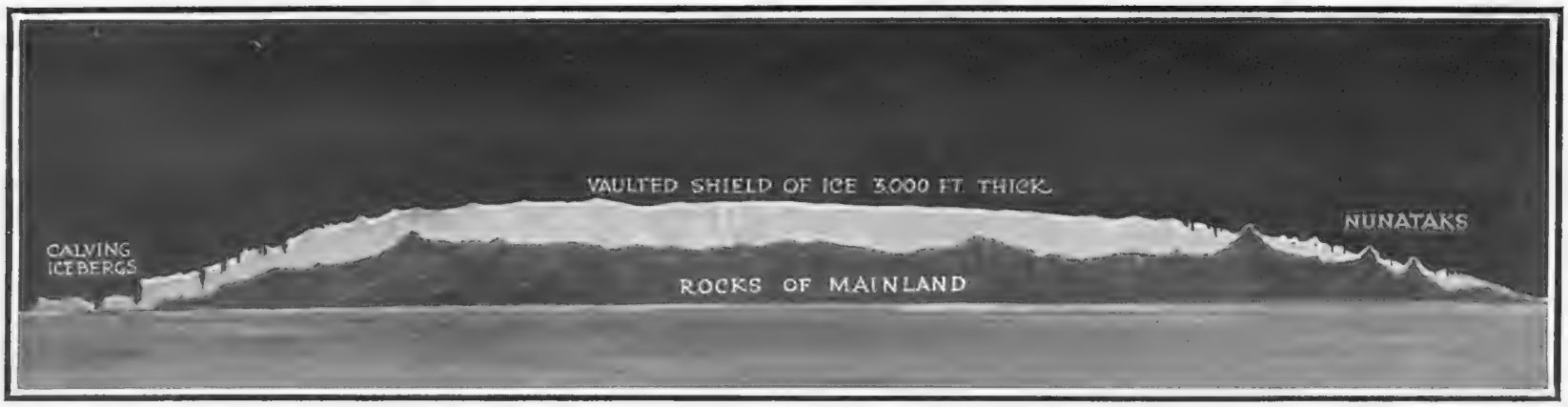
ALL THAT WAS LEFT : The wreck of the motor-ship Malabar *which ran aground in a fog off Sydney. Within a day the ship was beaten to pieces by the great combers, as may be seen from this picture, taken but twenty-four hours after she had run aground*

THE FIRST POCKET BATTLESHIP : The Hindenburg *ready to be launched at Kiel next Tuesday. She is the first "pocket battleship" built under the replacement clauses of the Treaty of Versailles and her launching is to be the occasion for the most imposing German naval display since the war. The entire fleet will assemble in Kiel harbour and President von Hindenburg will himself perform the christening ceremony. Above on right—RELICS OF H.M.S.* NATAL : *Part of the wreckage being hoisted on board S.S.* Drudge, *a salvage steamer. The exposed portion of the hull can be seen protruding through the surface of the sea. The portion on the crane has been attached thereto by a diver. The vessel exploded and sank in Cromarty Firth*

LATE NEWS *from* ABROAD

THE PROCESSION OF THE SACRED BLOOD: A great crowd witnessed this famous religious procession at Bruges a few days ago. The participants, here seen in a street near the famous belfry, waved palm leaves and the banners were inscribed in Flemish

RIOTING IN SPAIN has been very prevalent since the departure of King Alfonso. Above one incident in Madrid is shown. A taxi-driver cheered the Republic during a monarchical demonstration, and was set upon by the demonstrators, who injured the chauffeur, overturned the cab and fired it. The *Guarda Civil* was called out and was compelled to fire on the rioters. The monarchical party is the most active in Spain at the moment—a possible portent of the result of the General Election. *Inset above*—THE OPENING OF THE FRENCH COLONIAL EXHIBITION was performed by President Doumergue. The great golden figure represents Colonial France

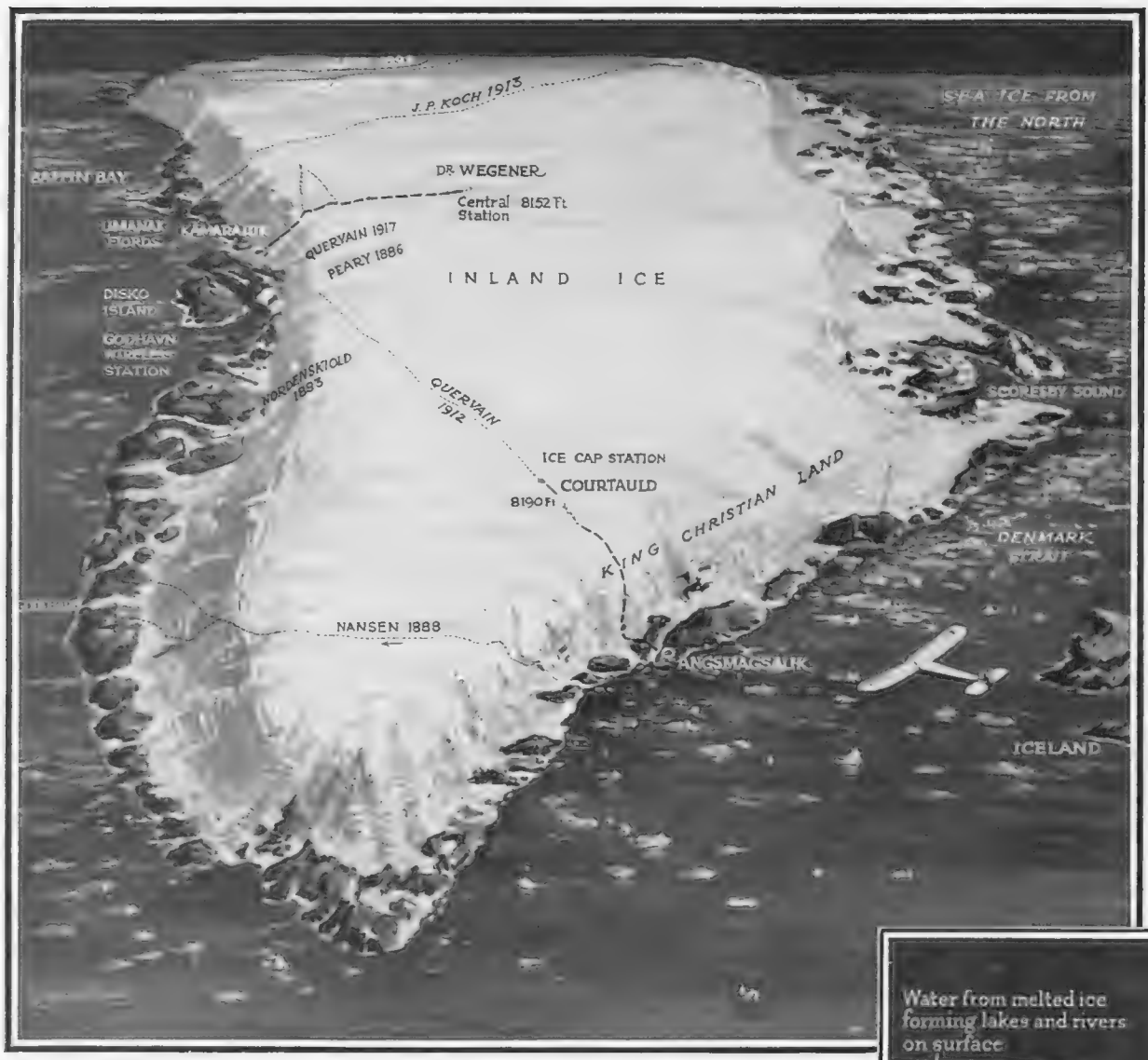


GREENLAND IN SECTION, showing the thick ice-cap laid over solid rock

RESCUED *from* GREENLAND'S ICY CAP

And Still to be Rescued

The Predicament of the German Expedition



THE ICE-CAP OF GREENLAND: A diagrammatic impression of the entire country overlaid with ice and the relative positions of the Wegener Expedition and Mr. Augustine Courtauld, the latter of whom was rescued but a few days since by his own base party assisted by the intrepid Swedish airman, Captain Ahrenberg

THE SPHERE presents a special bird's-eye view of Greenland with the object of elucidating the conditions under which two expeditions have been recently conducting their investigations in Greenland. The rescue of Mr. Augustine Courtauld has drawn the world's attention to one expedition; it is not, however, generally known that at the present moment there is another (German) party of scientists from whom news is anxiously awaited. The leader of this expedition is Dr. Wegener, and a full description of his activities appears on pp. 286–287.

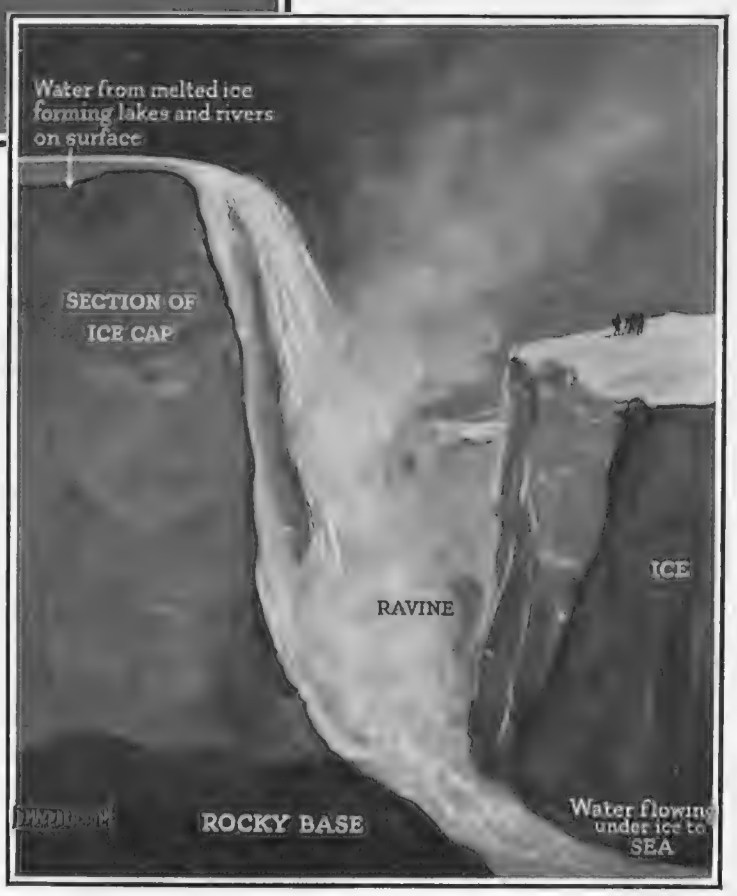
It is not realized to any great extent what is the nature of the extraordinary country on which these expeditions are operating. In the first place, Greenland is an island; in the second, it is enveloped in ice to a thickness unknown but estimated at 3,000 ft. to 3,500 ft. deep. The ice-cap—or main inland ice mass—rises in the interior to a height of 9,000 ft. above sea level. Considered as a relic of the Ice Age, this masks the entire land and leaves no rock visible save at its outer rims where peaks, called *nunataks*, pierce the frozen surface. Blizzards occur all the year round, although, despite the fact that the temperature is usually below freezing point, "warm" days occur when (in summer only) the sun's rays are perceptible to feeling as to sight. Travel during the winter is impossible owing to the impenetrable darkness and to the wide and deep crevasses which, numerous at the coast-line, are also to be found in the interior. Even the Eskimo dread the ice-cap, which is bare of vegetable as of animal life. Birds will not fly across it, and even moss and lichen are unknown. The only food to be consumed is that carried by the explorers themselves; yet a sojourn on the ice cap, though monotonous in the extreme, is not perilous provided only the stores endure.

In strong contrast to the frozen interior the fringes of the island—fretted by the sea and eroded by ice—and especially the fringes on the west, are comparatively fertile. Flowers, trees, meadows render it a far from arctic sight, and the strip of land up the west coast is snowless in summer and athrill with birds. This margin is inhabited by the branch of the Eskimo race known as the Greenlanders.

The Norse colony of the tenth to the fourteenth centuries, which was so important as to have a bishopric of its own (traces of the cathedral are extant at Igalikofjord), has perished probably from a lack both of new blood and imported supplies.

There are over 200 glaciers in Greenland, differing in rate of movement and in productivity. The inland ice discharges its surplus ice into the so-called ice-fjords which intersect the coast and penetrate into the interior. At the head of each ice-fjord the ice pushes slowly out to the surface of the water forming the offshoot or glacier. This latter ends in a steep, almost vertical, wall which may attain the height of 250 ft., and it is from here that the great bergs are born, "calving" off from the main body. The rivers, formed in summer by melting snow, pour into precipitous ice-ravines and thunder down beneath the ice-cap to the nearest glacier.

Greenland to-day is a Danish possession, ruled in the interest of the native population; a few hundred Danes are scattered on the west and fewer on the east coast. A strong protection is exerted, trading without permission being forbidden. The educational standard is high and, despite its rigid control, Denmark encourages all scientific expeditions sent out by any nation.



Diagrams by D. MACPHERSON

A GREENLAND RAVINE: The surface rivers plunge down the ravine and the water then flows thundering beneath the ice to the sea

AFTERMATH *of* REVOLUTION

H.M.S. "London" off the Island of Madeira

BOUND FOR THE SHORE: Members of the Naval Force leave H.M.S. London *to take up various points and protect British property during the still-born Revolution in Madeira*

THE AMPHIBIAN SERVICE: Royal Marines outside the Consulate prepare to march away to picket British property during the abortive and almost opera bouffe *revolution staged in Madeira*

GOVERNMENT TROOPS: Officers commanding the machine-gun corps on their arrival ashore at Madeira from the Government transport, Carvalho Aranja

THE DELEGATE FROM LISBON: Colonel Felician de Silva Leal, who was sent out from Portugal to enquire into the Madeira revolution, comes on board H.M.S. London *after his release from prison. Inset above on right is the small boat in which Dr. Pestani, the rebel leader, rowed himself to H.M.S.* London *to seek sanctuary after his surrender*

GOOD ADVICE: The Captain of H.M.S. London *addresses the rebel refugees who swarmed aboard in search of sanctuary, and advises the junior officers to give themselves up as they would not be punished severely*

MOTORING TRIUMPH and DISASTER

HIGH-SPEED WORK AT THE PITS: Mr. A. O. Saunders-Davis fitting a new radiator to the Double Twelve at Brooklands. The rule of the race is that only the drivers may effect any repairs, though others may hand them the necessary tools and materials. The most astonishing repair speed records are set up on such occasions

MISS V. WORSLEY, who drove an Austin 7 in the Double Twelve

The 2nd Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders — the champion team of the Army—did not reach the final, being defeated by a police team

THE TUG OF WAR SURPRISE during the Military Tournament at Windsor held in aid of the King Edward VII Hospital. Above is seen the team entered by the S Division of the Metropolitan Police

THE LADY BLANCHE
("Princess Ida")

LADY SANGAZURE
("The Sorcerer")

RUTH
("The Pirates of Penzance")

THE FAIRY QUEEN
("Iolanthe")

LITTLE BUTTERCUP
("H.M.S. 'Pinafore'")

Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiasts all over the country deeply regret the loss of the great modern contralto of the D'Oyly Carte Company, Miss Bertha Lewis, who was fatally injured in a motor-car accident with Sir Henry Lytton, who, as we go to press, is still in the nursing home. Above, Miss Lewis is seen in five of her most famous rôles. She will be personally missed by tens of thousands of admirers of Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

Whirling Days at BROOKLANDS

One Facet of this Age of Speed Reviewed

The Thrills of the "Double Twelve"—the Major Event in English Motor-racing, which is, in effect, a High-Speed Reliability Trial—are not Limited to the Drivers, but are also Broadcast Among the Spectators

By W. HOLT-WHITE

"Here we go round the Mulberry Bush" at Brooklands. Round and round and round. Giddily, dizzily, sickeningly—round and round and round.

For the Mulberry Bush is the tower which rises from the members' pavilion. And from the glass-panelled "O.P." on the top of it you can follow the cars in the "British Double Twelve" madly circling the two-and-a-quarter mile course.

Round and round and round, hour after hour, hour after hour, like a never-ceasing stream of shooting peas till the ribbon of the concrete course seems itself to spin wildly round the giant Mulberry Bush like the rim of some fantastic roulette wheel. Round and round the Mulberry Bush till the Tower becomes the axis of a crazily gyrating world, with hopping cars just beating the pace of the whirling concrete equator.

What are those dots on that concrete wall?

Flies? No, toys, mechanical tin toys. They grow in size with the effect of some swift illusion in trick film work. Flick—flick—flicker. They're cars, real cars, rushing the steep banking for the turn before they plunge into the straight.

Up, up, they go like lightning. Gosh! That speeding devil of a thing will fly over the ridge. No! By George! Oh! I say. Skid. Skid. Skid—like a twisting serpent in a paroxysm of fury. God! It's over! No! Straightened up! He's got her now! Good lad!

And the fly, grown to a toy, grown to a hurricane hurtling monster, is roaring down into the straight past the members' stand, R-r-r-r-r-r-r-oomp! She's gone like a blaspheming thunderbolt.

Ah! Here come the "babies." Yes, those are the M.G. Midgets which have been—literally—lapping up the miles since yesterday morning. Dots they are. No, they don't climb so far up that Alpine-looking banking at the bend. Haven't got the speed or the weight. They'd slip down. But they *can* go. Hop-hop-hoppity-hop—like fleas engined with lightning. Hullo! That's No. 60. That must be the Earl of March. R-r-r-r-r-eech! He's gone with the whistling whine of a shell.

Here come—oh! well, let's forget the passage of the cars for a moment and steady our heads and look round. And a bird's-eye view of Brooklands from the Tower presents a map the like of which you cannot see elsewhere.

Below are the paddock and the members' stands and the "Straight" where, for normal races, are the start and the finish.

Away to the right are the "pits," those booth-like garages which stretch for a quarter of a mile along the course.

Each car has its own pit. From here each car starts 8 a.m. in the morning on its top-speed twelve hours' day. And to its own "pit" the car returns at 8 p.m.—if it has survived the gruelling rigours of the track. To the pit it comes at intervals for oil or water or for repairs; or to exchange drivers. There are two drivers to each car. Each pit has its own epic of inevitable "trouble"; of hopes and despairs; of victory and defeat.

The tale of elimination, of course, goes on all day long. Forty-eight cars started on the morning of the first day. Only thirty-six came up to scratch on the morning of the second.

Beyond the pits, away to the right again, just beyond what they call the "Fork," is a red-painted double-decker bus. It serves as a mobile timing office, and within it a staff of twenty work with a grim, concentrated speed.

For the race, of course, is a handicap, and the calculations almost infinite. A Bentley, for instance—the Bentley, worse luck, fell out—must do a minimum of 72 m.p.h. and complete not less than 1,728 miles in the twenty-four hours. But only 47·5 m.p.h. and a minimum mileage of 1,140 is demanded of a Midget.

And the time of each car, on every lap, is recorded as it flashes past that bus. Over 23,000 lap-times were taken during the 1930 Double Twelve. It was heavier this year.

Passed the red 'bus with its score of "ready-reckoners," comes Byfleet Bend. And between the Tower and that bend is the car park beyond which is the Brooklands Flying Club.

The car park is an amazing sight. Thousands upon thousands of cars are parked, mudguard to mudguard, for a mile or more. They are as thick and as black as flies upon a fly paper.

From the aerodrome 'planes are ceaselessly rising while others are descending. In the far distance it might be a wasps' nest.

Byfleet Bend leads into the railway straight, and the Railway Straight back to the Members' Bend, with its almost vertical banking, up which the great cars are thundering and the little ones slipping and sliding.

That brings the course full circuit to where, on the green hill on the farther side of the course, those who are not "members" loll on the turf, munching sandwiches while the cars flick-flick-flicker by.

And all the while, utterly heedless of the hurtling racing cars, the 'planes fly and wheel and circle overhead. Some of them come so low it seems that they must crash full tilt into the Tower. But they don't.

The air is full of the drone of engines. There are times when it smothers even the r-r-r-r-r-oomp of the big cars and the r-r-r-r-r-eech of the little cars, as they flick-flick-flicker and roar round the course.

Let's get out of the din. Let's get down to the paddock or the car park or the pits, out of this endless racket, and escape from the sensation that the world is spinning round one.

But on the ground things are more fevered than one hoped they would be. There seem to be only two placid figures. The first is that of a grey-haired, dignified woman who sits in a stationary car, her gloved hands resting on the wheel. Dame Ethel Locke-King, the "proprietress" of Brooklands. Her husband built the place, thinking it might cost him twenty thousand pounds. It cost im a quarter of a million.

The other placid figure was that of a book-maker, who, perched beneath his board, scans a book incomprehensible to any ordinary betting man.

But hope of peace is vain. Everywhere cars are edging into the press with honks and hoots, or edging out of it with snorts. And everywhere hundreds of picnic parties chatter, while the cars roar by and the 'planes boom overhead.

Here and there through the press passed arresting figures. A girl in spattered overalls—Miss Worsley, driver of an Austin. Another driver in electro-blue jeans looking like a pantomime demon king. A third driver with blood-stained bandages round his head. He created a sensation. No one had heard of a crash.

Then the pits. And *they* were bedlam.

In respect to contents and occupants, all the booths were much alike. Petrol cans, water cans, spare crash helmets lying amid a litter of spanners, spare tubes, spare tyres.

And all along the booths the almost overwhelming reek of petrol.

But here, at least, was some relief from the general obsession of the race. The people in the booths sat packed as tight as swallows on a telegraph wire, with their backs to the course. The bosses of motor concerns, the wives of drivers, the sweethearts of drivers, the children of drivers, the wives of mechanics, the sweethearts of mechanics. And above the din one caught such snatches as this:

"Yes, he called four no trumps——"

"I always think she looks better pink."

And then an astounding truth dawned on one. These people were not in the least thrilled. Nothing unusual was happening. George or Dick or whatever his name was just out in a car on the course, somewhere, doing his day's job. He would probably come home to tea by-and-bye.

On the other hand while when unoccupied they took things with complete *sang froid*, the denizens of the booth were alert as imps when a call came.

A car would limp into a pit and instantly all was activity. "What's wrong? Tank loose? Good Lord!"

And then they jump to it.

Another car crawls in. "Oil? I told you you wanted oil, you ass. What about water? Better have some water. Hurry up, Jim. Hurry up! Water, I said. You're all right now. Get off, man. Get off."

Or—"Shove out the flag, Joe."

And out from the booth is hung a mystic cardboard sign on a stick. That's to ginger up number blank. Or, alternatively, to inform number blank that he has plenty in hand and that there is no need to blow himself up.

Or a car slides in and a dirty driver jumps out. And a nice clean driver jumps in. And they're off before you can say "jack-knife."

That's life in the Brooklands "pits."

Hell and hurry and boredom, all mixed to an endless roar and racket.

There are breathless moments when cars slide out from the pits to take their places in the race again. Dodging into the stream of hurtling traffic is no child's play.

Is there no rest or peace anywhere? Oh yes! For who is this lordly, sun-tanned, lolling youth who, pleasantly attired in tennis shirt and trousers, is loafing by in a big red car? A course steward.

It's his job just to go round and round, quite gently. If he sees a couple of drivers who have, it may be, lost their tempers a bit in the excitement of things' then it's his business to fetch them up for a caution.

Or, it may be, he'll stop to pick up a bit of a spring or a lamp or what-not that has got shaken off a car. It's astonishing what cars shake out of themselves on a race day.

Ah! well, at last he is a figure of peace. And then, all of a sudden, an incredible thing happened. No cars were passing at the moment. Not a 'plane was overhead. And there suddenly fell upon the whole multitude one of those momentary hushes which occasionally fall on vast crowds. And, in the hush which lasted perhaps only five seconds, somewhere up in the blue sky I heard larks singing!

And then the hell of racket closed in again.

Down by the control box, beneath the bridge, trophies and cups in glittering array were winking at the evening sun as they awaited presentation. Well, they could wait.

Out of an oblong, red, translucent box was being broadcast, in tones which drowned every other noise, the fact that the Earl of March was still leading.

Well, so far as I was concerned, he could go on leading.

London and quietude for me.

But down by the tunnel, as I sought escape, I was drawn to a standstill, fascinated by a close-up view of the cars as they screamed up the members' banking. R-r-r-r-roomp! went the big 'uns. R-r-r-r-r-eech! went the little 'uns.

And then the piercing voice of a newsvendor, "Unconscious Man in Car at Brooklands!"

One penny, and I learned the fact that a mechanic in that very race had been struck unconscious by a stone thrown up by another car.

So that must have been the fellow with the blood-stained bandages. Well, you never know. Especially at Brooklands.

In the "Double Twelve": *A thrilling instant of the great British classic of the track which this year provided the "Midgets" with a spectacular triumph. The laws preclude a twenty-four-hour race in England—but the "Double Twelve" gives the cars almost as gruelling a test*

NATIONAL PARKS *for* BRITAIN

The Case for the Reservation of Wild Open Spaces where the March of Bricks and Mortar may be Halted and the Beauties of Nature may Find a Sanctuary

By
Lieut.-Commander the Hon.
J. M. KENWORTHY,
R.N., M.P.

There is no time to be lost if we are to preserve some of the remaining areas of unspoilt countryside, especially in England, for future generations. A special committee, set up to examine into the whole subject of National Parks, has just published its report. It will be a tragedy if this document reposes in the Whitehall pigeon-holes and is not acted on promptly.

The need of recreation grounds becomes more urgent every year. Motoring, road development, with the objectionable ribbon-building along the trunk roads, the electricity "grid" with its hideous pylons carrying high-powered cable across hill, down, and dale, bungalow and jerry-building, and so-called "estate development," are all reducing the area available for national reserves. At the same time, heavy taxation and death duties, altered social conditions, and the silent revolution that is going on in the countryside is reducing the area of private parkland at a rapid rate. We have had the greatest difficulty in preventing such areas as the Lake District and the beautiful Seven Sisters Cliffs on the South Downs from being irretrievably ruined by these "developments." Four years ago we were just able to preserve the empty but impressive and beautiful amphitheatre round the unique national monument of Stonehenge from desecration by speculative builders. The land was bought by public subscriptions from all over the world, including the United States and British Dominions.

Yet the need of rural scenery and quiet countryside as near to natural conditions as possible was never more necessary than in these days of overcrowded and strenuous city life and the noise and rush of our so-called civilization.

We are the only advanced nation that has not adopted a policy of preserving areas of natural beauty for posterity. In the United States of America there are twenty National Parks, the largest being 3,350 square miles in extent. In addition there are eleven "national military parks" up to 60,000 acres, principally old battlefields selected because of their historic associations. And the State Governments in America have not been far behind the Federal Government. Fifty miles from New York is the Bear Mountain Park of 30,000 acres, a reserved area with which nothing at present can be compared in this country.

Canada has eleven National Parks, the largest being over 5,000 square miles, the famous Jasper Reserve. All the Australian States have embarked on this policy. The great city of Sydney has a public park at Port Hacking, over 33,000 acres in extent, only fifteen miles to the south, and ten miles to the west the beautiful Kuring-Gai Chase of 35,000 acres. New Zealand, South Africa — all the British Dominions—have been wise in their generation.

Switzerland, with its unrivalled mountain scenery, has nevertheless reserved as a National Park the Lower Engadine of sixty-seven square miles. The Swiss Park is, however, managed on lines which would be undesirable in this country; for the public are strictly confined to set paths and camping is prohibited. Poland, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Spain—all have their National Parks. It is to be hoped we shall acquire our parks in this country before it is too late.

Let us consider what it is we want. I do not like the word "park." To the British it conjures up ideas of railings and bandstands, crowds, litter, and flower-beds with geraniums. "Reserve" is a better word, but hardly suited to this country; for it is hopeless to think of setting apart great areas, as in the United States, of virgin land that has never been cultivated. The best word I can think of is sanctuary; for one of the objects would be to preserve wild fauna and flora, and an area where rarer animals and birds can breed.

There are two conflicting policies. The naturalists and botanists want sanctuaries which will be strictly preserved, no one being allowed in without a special permit, like the Lower Engadine referred to above. The only way in which such areas could be enjoyed by the non-scientific population would be by viewing them from aeroplanes; and even this may be prohibited! The other policy is that the sanctuaries should be for use and recreation—for hiking, camping, caravanning, and picnicking. It should be possible to combine these two ends in view.

The present idea is to allow fishing under licence in the selected areas, but no shooting except for the purpose of keeping down vermin; and, of course, no hunting would be permitted. But the main need is to decide on the areas to be scheduled and stop further building and road-making operations.

Nor would one great block of land be enough. The national recreation grounds that we require must be within reasonable reach of the great centres of urban population. We need a series of sanctuaries, in fact. It is no use reserving the Trossachs in Scotland so far as the bulk of the population in the South of England is concerned. They could only go there once a year at the best.

The ideal arrangement would be an area of sanctuary within week-end reach of *every* large centre of population.

The committee has not made any definite recommendation as to which areas should be scheduled. But they indicate some of the most suitable districts. One very fascinating suggestion is that the whole of the remaining unbuilt over and unenclosed coasts of Britain, say to a depth of a mile from high-water mark, should be scheduled, and no further building or "development" allowed without permission. But there are obviously difficulties here, and not everyone wants to go down to the sea.

In the south the remaining unspoilt South Downs is the obvious area. In the West of England the Forest of Dean, already open to and much used by the public; or the beautiful Wye Valley, or both. In the Midlands, Dovedale, Cannock Chase, and the Peak District in Derbyshire. In the North, undoubtedly the Lake District will be chosen if ever we really do take action.

In Wales there are two districts that stand out pre-eminently as suitable for reservation. They are Snowdonia in the north and the Black Mountain district in the south. Snowdonia is particularly suitable. It is the haunt of certain wild animals, now becoming scarce, as for example the pine-martins and pole-cats. Ravens and peregrine falcons nest there. It is also the southernmost stronghold of the "arctic-alpine" vegetation in Great Britain. These beautiful plants are fast disappearing. When we turn to Scotland the Cairngorms and the Trossachs would be very suitable.

And now as to ways and means of snatching some of the last remnants of our heritage of beauty from the ravages of the vandals. It is proposed to set up a statutory central committee with certain funds and defined powers. £100,000 a year is recommended for five years, and a good deal could be done with this; after which a lesser annual sum would do, as much of the work would be voluntary and the local authorities would contribute from the rates to the upkeep of the National Parks near their areas.

Some compensation would have to be given for loss of building rights. But this is less than might be supposed, and we must set our face against paying blackmail prices. In the scheduled areas further building, road-making, carrying of electric cables, etc., would be prohibited by law without special permission.

Ordinary agricultural and pastoral activities would continue. Areas of land under private ownership scheduled for inclusion in National Parks could be exempted from estate duties. This is a definite recommendation of the committee and will probably be adopted. Comparatively small areas within the parks could be set aside as bird and animal sanctuaries, but for the whole of the areas the hunting of animals or birds or the robbing of nests would be prohibited. So would the uprooting of shrubs and damage to trees.

Motor-roads would be allowed up to the edge of the preserves, but not through them. Only foot-paths or bridle-paths would be permitted inside the parks. Promiscuous camping and caravanning would not be allowed. There should be certain sites where camping would be recognized; and in some cases hostels or country hotels and rest-houses would be permitted. Any area that gives 15 miles' walking is really large enough; though, for scenic reasons, some of the areas I have described will be considerably larger than this.

One of the greatest difficulties when national sanctuaries are established will be to persuade the people to treat their own property fairly. One of the main troubles with all open spaces, forests, and so on open to the public is the bad habits of a certain section of doing damage, much of it wilful.

There are literally scores of cases of owners of private parks desirous of opening their grounds for the enjoyment of the public, who have had to close them again because of the bad behaviour of visitors.

The litter and rubbish left at Epping Forest after a Bank Holiday is an appalling disgrace. It is the same story in Windsor Great Park, and many other such areas where the public are admitted now. Thousands of pounds' worth of damage is done every year by the careless lighting of fires which spread. Broken glass is left about to the danger of livestock and even children, and cartloads of glass are gathered together every year at considerable expense in the New Forest, Windsor Great Park, and open spaces. The destruction of rhododendron bushes in flower, damage to shrubs, the wholesale removal and uprooting of plants, and the general disfigurement caused is a matter almost of despair to those who are responsible for preserving some beauty in those parts of the English countryside to which the public are admited.

The leaving open of gates and damage to walls and fences is another serious complaint of the farmers.

The remedy will come with a growing sense of public responsibility. One way of dealing with the nuisance in the meantime will be to issue regulations and enforce them rigorously. There will have to be plenty of park rangers armed with special powers; and this is an expense that must be faced until public opinion comes to the rescue. The various rambling federations, camping clubs, and other organizations are doing splendid work in creating this more responsible public opinion; and there are very few complaints against their members. It is the unorganized and casual visitors, the haphazard beanfeast parties, who are the principal offenders; but in the meantime we shall have to deal drastically with those motorists, bicyclists, and pedestrians who are so fond of the countryside that they insist on carrying parts of it off and taking it back to the cities.

A nation-wide, concerted effort by the local education authorities to instruct school children in the need of treating their own property, which the National Parks will become in the future, with care and respect, would be helpful: and is specially recommended in the Report of the National Parks Committee. In the meantime a few examples made of adults by the infliction of stiff fines would act as a healthy deterrent.

But these difficulties must not be allowed to dishearten us. There is, I repeat, no time to be lost. The most characteristic part of England's natural beauty is being destroyed at an alarming rate. Urbanization, which has been going on for a century and a half, has become much more rapid in the last generation. The coming of the motor-car has made the country accessible to the townsman, but has also led to the growth of bungalow and jerry-building, and the destruction of the amenities of some of the most beautiful parts of these islands. A few garish bungalows run up on the cheap for the accommodation of a handful of people ruins miles of beautiful English downland from the point of view of public enjoyment. Factories, gasworks, sewage farms are allowed to be built anywhere and everywhere; and we are vulgarizing our historic national monuments with petrol pumps, advertisement hoardings, public-houses, and "cafés."

The nation must take action promptly to schedule the most suitable areas without further delay and, by Act of Parliament, prevent any further encroachment on at least a few natural sanctuaries in order that future generations may not curse us for our thoughtful wastefulness of some of our best assets.

WITTENHAM CLUMP: "The Thames Valley from Cricklade to Staines" is the title of a remarkable survey dealing with the existing state of that lovely part of the country, and incorporating some suggestions for its future preservation. Published by the University of London Press, it has a preface by John Buchan, M.P., and has been prepared by the Earl of Mayo, S. W. Adshead, and Patrick Abercrombie, with the assistance of W. Harding Thompson. One fascinating section deals with areas to be preserved, on the lines suggested in the accompanying article; and one of the most lovely is Wittenham Clump, above the old town of Wallingford

The SOLOMON of POLAND

"Cadyk" Halberstamm's Daughter Marries

"BENJAMIN": The youngest son of the Rabbi Halberstamm. The Rabbi or, to use the Polish term, "Cadyk," is one of the band of Jewish priests to whom their people have recourse in difficulties rather than to the courts of the country. They are tolerated by the authorities as their influence is, on the whole, beneficial

"THE MINISTER OF ECONOMY": The "Cadyks" have a retinue of followers who serve them as a staff and extract presents from the peasants in return for the "Cadyk's" services. Of this staff the Minister of Economy is the chief

A PROCESSION OF JEWRY IN POLAND: The "Cadyk" Halberstamm exerts his influence in the village of Bobowa. When his daughter was married special trains were run to the ceremony. The populace is adjured by the followers of the Rabbis to give freely to him and the Minister of Economy (resplendent in silk hat) heads the mendicants

A DELEGATE OF THE RABBI: One of the picturesque followers who form the staff of the "Cadyks" of Poland. Dressed as Cossacks or Arabs, they are a mounted retinue, and their main function is to induce the congregation to give presents to their priest in return for his services as arbitrator, councillor, and judge, as well as for his religious ministrations. They are headed by the incredible and grotesque figure of the Minister of Economy—silk-hatted and cigar smoking, like a "barker" outside a booth at a fair

THE RABBI BESIEGED BY HIS ADMIRERS: "Cadyk" Halberstamm, the bearded figure in the immediate foreground, almost swept off his feet by his enthusiastic congregation at the wedding of his youngest daughter. The ceremony took place in the little wooden synagogue of Bobowa, in which is an opulently furnished altar. The Jewish community in Poland is a state within a state—a separate entity holding to its own faith and traditions in defiance of past persecution and present tolerance

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

OVERHEAD AND UNDERSEA.—The North Pole is to be "attacked" in July, simultaneously from beneath the sea and above from the air. A submarine is to slip underneath the walls and ramparts of ice and icebergs, many miles across, with which, since time immemorial, the North Pole has fortified itself in a vast circle. At the same time, high above that broad, cold, white barrier which few have ever passed, a Zeppelin is to approach the pole through the air.

There was concluded in Paris the other day, between Dr. Hugo Eckener, the world's most noted air-navigator, and Mr. Karl von Wiegand, famous American journalist, representing Mr. William Randolph Hearst, America's "Newspaper King," a contract for an air expedition to the North Pole in the "Graf Zeppelin." The flight is to take place coincident with the arrival at, or near, the Pole, of the Jules Vernesque expedition of Sir Hubert Wilkins in the American submarine *Nautilus*, so named in honour of the craft in Jules Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*. Mr. Hearst is financing both expeditions.

The Zeppelin flight to the pole will be one of the most adventurous expeditions ever undertaken in the Polar regions, second only to the almost fantastic plan of Sir Hubert Wilkins to try to slip under the vast ice fields, which has stirred the imagination of the whole world. Mr. von Wiegand, who conceived and organized the Round-the-World flight of the *Graf Zeppelin* in August 1929, accomplished in the record time of twenty-one days, is also the father of the plan for the *Nautilus* and the *Graf Zeppelin* to meet at the Pole. Commodore Dr. Eckener will command the *Graf Zeppelin* in person. He will have with him his veteran crew and three famous Staff Captains, Lehmann, Fleming, and Von Schiller. Mr. Von Wiegand has been selected by Mr. Hearst to be his representative on the Zeppelin Polar Expedition, as he was on the first Atlantic flight in 1928, and the Round-the-World flight.

There is to be a surprise in store for the North Pole. For the first time in his old age of some millions of years, he is to see a woman, and a woman is to see him—if all goes well. For the first time in the history of Polar expeditions a woman is to be included in the exploration party. The invitation and honour to be that woman has been extended to me—an Englishwoman. It is the greatest journalistic assignment given to a woman since the Zeppelin Round-the-World flight—perhaps even greater and more unusual.

The Zeppelin flight to the Pole is not merely an adventure but a scientific expedition. Eight or ten noted scientists, including Professor Samoilovitch, recalled in connection with the Russian icebreaker's rescue of the Nobile group, Lieut.-Commander Smith, America's Arctic expert, Captain Bruns, Secretary-General of the International Aero-Arctic Society, and a number of others will be on board the airship.

The flight is expected to last not more than six days. The accomplishment of it is almost wholly dependent upon Sir Hubert Wilkins getting through under the ice to the vicinity of the Pole successfully with his submarine The *Graf Zeppelin* will start from Leningrad, cruise over Franz Josef Land on scientific survey work, awaiting wireless news from the *Nautilus* to the effect that the latter is within a day of the Pole. As the submarine has a surface speed of scarcely more than twelve miles an hour, less than five miles under sea, and the Zeppelin seventy miles an hour, the airship can reach the Pole in about ten hours after word has been received from Wilkins that he is nearing the rendezvous point.

The greatest obstacle to the meeting of the submarine and airship will be fogs, which, at this time of the year, are very dense in the Polar regions. Unlike aeroplane navigation, airship navigation is not interfered with by fog, but it can make impossible the finding, and sighting of the *Nautilus*. It might also prevent Wilkins from seeing the Zeppelin.

Dr. Eckener anticipates no difficulty from ice forming on the giant Zeppelin. The Russian icebreaker, *Malakin*, is to be stationed at a strategic point far in the North, by the Soviet Government, for emergency purposes.

DESTINED FOR THE POLE: The Graf Zeppelin, which will carry as one of its passengers "The Sphere's" Special Correspondent, Lady Drummond-Hay, on its trip to the North Pole this summer. Experiments are being carried out with an electrically-heated anchor, which will be dropped on the ice and, by reason of its heat, sink into it. The current will then be switched off and the resultant freezing should hold the airship fast. The airship is here seen flying over Egypt during her recent voyage to that country

Sir Hubert Wilkins is scheduled to leave New York in the *Nautilus* for London about the middle of this month. Thence he will go to Spitzbergen. The *Graf Zeppelin*, if Wilkins gets through, or under, the ice, is to take off from Franz Josef Land between July 12 and 20.

And they say that adventure and romance are dead!

TREASURE OF AFRICA.—The Kalahari Desert is not a desert. It is a grass veldt, covered in the centre with dense vegetation, on certain areas with huge trees, and fields of beautiful flowers in their season. And Lake Ngami is not a lake. These astonishing facts are amongst the findings of the Vernay-Lang Kalahari Expedition.

The Expedition consisted of Mr. A. S. Vernay, English natural scientist who financed the undertaking, Mr. Herbert Lang, and Dr. A. W. Rogers. The explorers collected ninety different kinds of mammals: some 300 different species of birds; 1,200 reptiles; 600 fish, molluscs, and crustacea; 25,000 insects; and over 1,000 plants. None of these animals, reptiles, insects, or plants, are indigenous to the Kalahari, but are derived from Nature's immigration from all sides. The region, which was practically unknown before, was popularly believed to resemble other deserts of sand-dunes and desolation. In addition to the discoveries of scientific interest, the Expedition encountered blue wildebeest, red wildebeest, tsessebe, other common game, and lions in plenty, the latter sometimes in troops of as many as twenty. The British Museum, two American Museums, and the Transvaal Museum are to benefit by collections of specimens amassed by the Expedition.

COLLATED AMBITIONS.—The "long, long thoughts of youth" have been caught and docketed by two famous American psychologists, Dr. Harvey C. Lehmann and Dr. Paul A. Witty. These two learned professors recently canvassed 26,000 boys and girls between the ages of eight and eighteen, in order to study the evolution of youthful ambition with years and education. At eight years the first choice of the boy is to become a a cowboy; of the girl, a movie star. But not one girl of eighteen admitted that she aspired to Hollywood. The aviator's career takes first place with boys of ten, and holds its popularity right up to eighteen. Boys' choice of careers was revealed in the following order: at eight—cowboy, aviator, soldier, army officer, sailor, lawyer, banker, locomotive engineer, baseball player, policeman; at eighteen—aviator, architect, lawyer, electrical engineer, football coach, musician, doctor, civil engineer, newspaperman, army officer.

Comparing feminine aspirations between the ages of eight and eighteen is no less interesting. At the latter age stenography and typewriting come first as preferred careers. Then follow those of housewife, private secretary, musician, kindergarten work, bookkeeper, teacher, interior decorator, designer. Housewife and teacher are amongst the two favourite ambitions of the youngest girls, and quite understandably, not before eleven years old do they show any interest in the artistic or commercial professions.

JAPANESE COMMUNISM.—A "Love Movement" snowball world-brotherhood campaign, having as nucleus one million peace-loving Japanese, is the ideal of Toyokiko Kagawa, the Tolstoy of New Japan. Kagawa, still below middle-age, has written fifty books in twenty years. The message to humanity in his triology, *Before the Dawn*, *A Shooter to the Sun*, and *Listening to the Voice of the Prison Walls*, inspired the Japanese House of Peers to concede 20,000,000 yen (£2,000,000) for a slum reclamation scheme to improve the six great cities of Japan.

As a young man of twenty-two, Kagawa dedicated his life to the poor and oppressed. He lived awhile in Shinkawa, the worst district of Kobe. Afterwards he spent several years studying in the United States, returning to the slums of his homeland, where, it is claimed, "his complete consecration and humility place him with Mahatma Gandhi as a leader of the Orient."

He continues to live in an attic, works twelve hours a day, and never possesses more than one suit of clothes at a time—a plain labourer's outfit in European style, which he finds more convenient for his unflagging activities than the Japanese kimono. The royalties from his books are wholly devoted to social service, reform, and charity. Some months ago he refused the invitation of the Mayor of Tokio to become chief of the Social Bureau, at a big salary. Realizing, however, that they actually needed his help and advice, Kagawa voluntarily devotes ten days a month to the work of the Bureau.

Not unnaturally, the government was at first inclined to look askance upon the reformer's socialistic activities. He was imprisoned for having taken the part of exploited dock-workers. Subsequently, the government adopted his plan for slum reform, and has come to recognize him as one of the most indispensable agents of reform in the Japanese Empire. Kagawa organized the first labour union, and achieved the repeal of the law which refused workers the right to assemble.

This Oriental Tolstoy sees in the practice of Soviet-expressed communism the danger of dictatorship and suffering of minorities. But "if we practice the Sermon on the Mount, we shall have a real communism of a humanitarian type, not a robbing communism. I have no sympathy with it if it means violence," he declares.

Lecturing, preaching, advising, writing books and poems, Kagawa has his own Three Years' Plan, calling for an address in every town in Japan, and the enlistment of one million people for his "Love Movement."

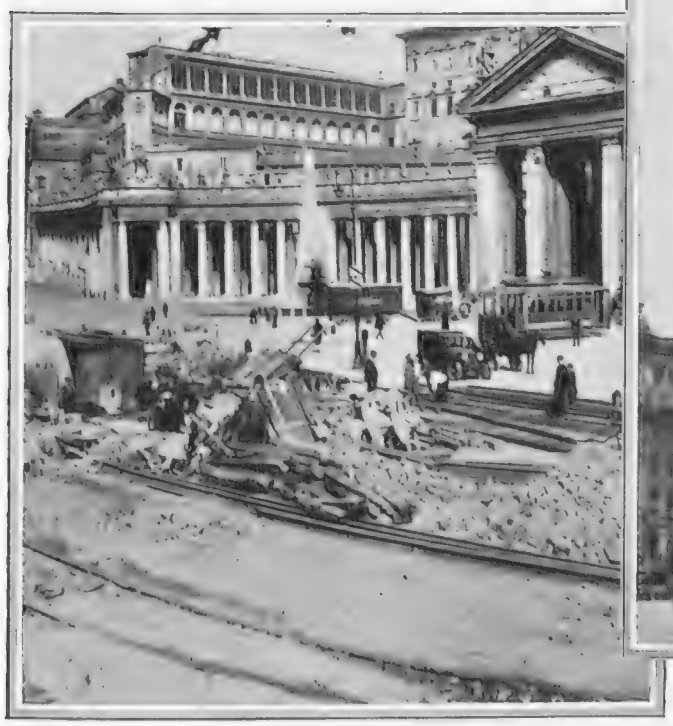
A BLOSSOMLESS FESTIVAL OF BLOSSOM: The German version of "Come down to Kew in Lilac-time" is, in effect, "Come to Werder in blossom time"—the town in the neighbourhood of Berlin famous for its cherry trees. Thousands of Berliners went to Werder a day or so ago—but found no blossom owing to a lateness of season similar to our own. The weather, however, rendered the day a very enjoyable one

THREE CORNERS of the EARTH

The Latest News Events in Pictures

A PRINCESS OF JAPAN: Princess Kikuko Asaka, who is to marry Prince Naoyasu Nabeshima, the heir of Prince Nabeshima, one of the great nobles of Japan. The Princess paid her last visit to the Imperial Palace and worshipped before the Imperial Secretary as a member of the Imperial Family. The Princess is seen above in Court attire

WHERE WEST IS EAST: The Dragon Festival staged by the Hip Sing Tong in New York's Chinatown as a prelude to the organization's annual convention. The On Leong Tong, their traditional rivals, inaugurated their convention on the same day. The police of New York prepared for trouble—between the two Tongs—which, however, did not eventuate



NEW BOUNDARIES OF THE VATICAN STATE: The frontier between the territory of the Pope and that of the King of Italy runs through the Piazza San Pietro. It is to be marked by a line of white stone

IN HONOUR OF THE GLORIOUS DEAD: The magnificent and gigantic monument at Genoa to the Italian soldiers who fell in the Great War. Its splendid detail has just been revealed

MAROONED

Special Pictures of the Wegener

THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION AND A LOCAL MEMBER: Dr. Wegener and a Greenlander, of whom no news has been heard for some months

THE INLAND ICE: The rolling fields of ice which render speedy transport an impossibility

The Wegener Expedition — the official name for which is The German Greenland Expedition — is being relieved. The last news came through last December, and this was to the effect that Dr. Georgi had been left to make his meteorological observations throughout the winter at a station in the middle of the inland ice, some 200 miles from the base. The last dog-sled which penetrated to them brought back messages that if more supplies and instruments were not forthcoming by October, Dr. Georgi and his companion, Herr Sorge, would return by hand sled. The base of the Expedition is at Kamarujuk, a small bay on the West Coast of Greenland, north of Disko Island. Deeming the proposed retreat of Dr. Georgi a perilous one, Dr. Wegener set out to intercept them before they should have started. After only thirty-eight of the 250 miles had been covered, the major part of the Greenlanders were sent back owing to bad conditions. Further on, more Greenlanders were sent back, and the last news of Wegener himself was received at Kamarujuk on October 15. Another party went to meet the doctor on his return journey on November 21, and after waiting until December 7, returned to the base, assuming that Wegener and his party were remaining in the central station (where they have enough stores to last the five men until May). Flags were set up by the relief expedition, but these have been overlaid with snow. A relief expedition, consisting of two Europeans and five Greenlanders, was despatched from the base on April 23 for the central ice station. Its departure was delayed by bad weather. It was hoped that they would reach the central ice station in fourteen days. The grave difficulty is to find the camp, as the flags at 500-yard intervals have been totally snowed up. The expedition has decided that aircraft are useless. An engineer who has

ARRESTED BY THE FROZEN HAND OF NATURE: *The Krupp*, the boat of the Wegener Expedition, moored at the edge of the sea ice

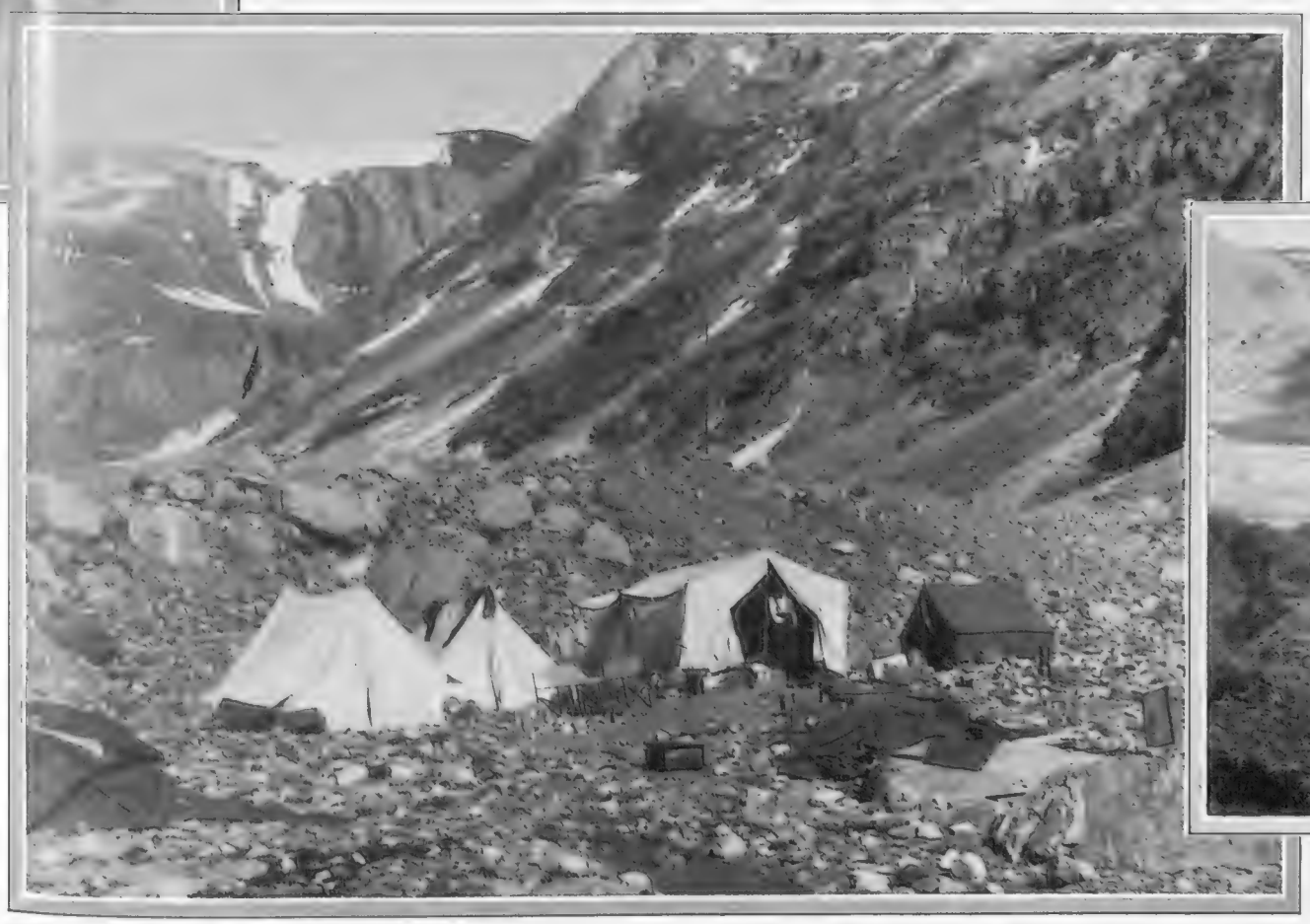
on the Greenland ICE

Expedition to which a Relief Party is on its Way

THE AERO SLEDGE: This type of transport is fitted with a propeller and, under good conditions, a speed of 50-m.p.h. has been attained. Herr Schif, an experienced engineer, hopes to reach Dr. Wegener within three days of starting

special knowlege of propeller-driven sledges has been sent out to deal with the two sledges of the expedition which have been recovered, although they are (at the time of writing) not in working order. The aim of the expedition was to study the formation and thickness of the ice and the weather of the Greenland Icecap—a purely scientific expedition. If all goes well the Wegener party is expected to return this summer.

NAKED IN THE SNOW: Dr. Georgi sets up his meteorological instruments. This member of the Wegener Expedition was left with Herr Sorge at the station in the middle of the inland ice to make observations throughout the winter, but last October stated he would abandon his task unless supplies and additional instruments reached him by the twentieth of that month



THE CAMP: This is a typical shore camp, the view being taken during the last summer season when the snow and shore-ice had melted

HORSE FODDER: Hay and other vegetation, remarkable to relate, is plentifully grown on the west coast of Greenland, although on the east coast it cannot survive

DOOMED? A typical engine-driver who may be replaced by a motor-man

On the FOOTPLATE: To-day and To-morrow

The Possibility of the Electrification of all British Railways Under the Scheme Outlined in the Weir Report, and the Expenditure of £386,000,000 under a Scheme which would give 60,000 Men Work for Twenty Years Renders this Article, by the Author of "Decent Fellows," the Outstanding Novel of Eton, of Great Interest

By JOHN HEYGATE

A rare human note runs through the report of the Weir Commission on main line railway electrification: it reads more like an adventure story than a Government recommendation involving £386,000,000. The story of the next fifteen years' railway history challenges H. G. Wells at his best. It is a mystery tale with a 7 per cent. increase of railway revenue as the *dénouement;* a shocker with a 1,500 volts overhead current to provide the shock.

The scheme is rather like the strong, masterful man of fiction who discusses where they shall live and how many children they shall have before proposing to his future wife. The £386,000,000 expenditure becomes as trivial as the girl's assumed "yes." Can we doubt, when haystacks, as the report suggests, will no longer be fired by the sparks from passing steam-engines, that England will accept? The scheme is too masterful to admit of refusal.

On the footplate there may be scepticism. Waterloo to Richmond or even Windsor, Baker Street to Wembley, are half-hourly hops deserving no better than an electric tractor. But the man who takes his engine through at a stretch to York or Plymouth is not going to exchange the regulator for the "Dead Man's Handle" without a second thought.

There is a lot to be said against steam-power. It is dirty and wasteful in generation and application. A locomotive wastes more heat from a boiler chimney than a factory engine, as it has to cope with changes of load and gradient, as well as raise a head of steam at short notice. On the other hand a breakdown at the power station will paralyse an entire system of electrically operated line. But the one man whose voice will be silent when the Government introduces its Bill will be the man ultimately affected; the man who, at present, pulls back a long, steel lever to send a 130-ton monster thundering down the railroad; who, to-morrow, will stand like a tram-driver in the front of his car, while a mechanical arm plucks the Electricity Board's current overhead.

It is rare that you find a gardener whose ambition as a boy was to be a gardener, or a politician whose first dream was the House of Commons; such certainty combined with perseverance would be more likely to produce an unhealthy, not to say unpleasant type of child. Yet I have met scores of engine-drivers and firemen to whom their father's peaked cap and blue overalls were then, as now, all the romance in the world. Thirty years' apprenticeship in the shops and shunting yards, with goods and slow-passenger trains, seldom cools the romantic ardour of the express engine-driver. However severe the training it is perhaps the only dream of childhood that withstands triumphantly the test of time. When I first climbed on to the footplate of the *King George V*—the engine which on their own road taught the American railway directors the meaning of the word speed—I had a horrid doubt that my dream would fade out in a cloud of common coal-dust; that the three pairs of 6 ft. 6 in. driving wheels supported nothing but 67 tons of engine metal; that the man in the peaked cap was no better jf more attractively dressed than a black-coated Civil Servant with a display of pressure-gauges and levers doing duty for an inkpot and a sheet of pink blotting paper. A second later I was on the footplate, pressed into the left cab window out of the fireman's way. The moment for doubts had passed.

Overnight the men in the sheds have cleaned and put a new "heart" into the engine. The fireman has been busy raising a steam pressure of 250 lb. to the cubic inch and breaking and watering the six tons of coal in the tender, 4,000 gallons of water are in the tanks. The driver has given her the "once over" with his oil-can and leans over the side of his cab awaiting the "right away." As the green flag waves, the driver throws over the regulator and there is a mighty quivering underfoot which banishes all my doubts. It would be uncomplimentary to the company, if not libellous, to compare the thunderous trembling forward of the engine to the vibration of a 1,000-h.p. automobile with all its big-end bearings out of action. Yet it is the feeling of power more than progress that impresses in an engine. Though an experienced driver can tell his pace and position by the sounds of the bridges and cuttings, the novice has little idea of speed. Peering through the rain-streaked cab window, I see the enormous thigh of the boiler edging a timeless course down an immeasurable rail perspective, past innumerable nodding signals, and the sharp line of the running-plate making ready to pare like cheese the oncoming platform curves, which swim suddenlyby with a few spare inches.

The fireman with his gloved hand throws up the firebox flap and spreads incessant shovelfuls of sprayed coal far back over the leaping furnace. Smoke-grimed house-backs and strings of washing give way to fields and trees and distant hills streaming at different speeds, but streaming always leftwards. The hedges and streams at my side nod a scarce acquaintance and are gone. A golfer's swing is suspended for ever in the train's history. Although a mile away, above the elm tops, the Royal Ensign stands for a moment stiff in the wind on the Round Tower of Windsor Castle, then reluctantly joins the procession.

We may be touching sixty or seventy; but the feeling is one of a deep-growing, quivering vibration in the loins of the engine, which strains against the invisible weight of the following coaches. The sprayed coal-dust dances in rolling balls at my feet. The footplate trembles and sways where it laps with the tender. The needles in the gauges, the folding seat where I rest, stanchions, all is alive with the throb of the impatient, on-leaping monster.

But the driver is loose within his corner. With a loose left arm he has the feel of the regulator as of the most sensitive accelerator pedal. The throbbing monster is subordinate to easy, loose humanity. It shudders and trembles at the touch of his fingers and runs smoothly, forgetfully, as he closes the regulator for an approaching station.

But beneath his loose attitude is the nervous tension of continuous signals and permanent way repair checks and steep bends to be watched for, and severe banks to be breasted with open regulator, and coasted with a touch of the vacuum brake, and always the time lost on schedule to be made up for the sake of coachfuls of sprawling, sleeping, reading, eating, querulous passengers.

It is an art to maintain boiler pressure without choking the furnace or having a big fire left over at the terminus. Volunteers during the General Strike frequently put out their fires or reduced boiler pressure by clumsy stoking. Now the fireman throws down his shovel and unpins a handle above the water-tank. A mile of silver water glitters in the troughs. The scoop is lowered, and I watch the gauge float climb 2,000 gallons within a minute. The engine's thirst is, for the moment, slaked.

The coal, too, subsides in the tender, and a damp avalanche collapses in the hole at my feet. Above the sinking mountain comes the front of the first, swaying coach, and only then one realizes the strength and majesty of the engine, compared with the crazy convoy of matchwood, that swings in and out like a line of dumb, inevitable brown cows.

Ahead a pin point of blackness becomes an arch with dripping flanks, and our three shadows are thrown black on to the rose-lit roof of streaming smoke. A crashing rumbling is the only sign of the following coaches. The bricks of the tunnel fly through the smoke; then whiten and redden, till, in a flash, we are in the day, and I look towards the driver with a smile, as if we were drawn nearer by the secret of the tunnel. But the driver cleanses his window with a stroke of the windscreen wiper, and gives a tug at the whistle-cord for a coming station. The fireman takes a pull from his water-bottle and bends to his stoking.

This is the romance of the footplate as it is to-day. It is a romance which has attracted, as it demands, men of the highest physique; 225 miles non-stop from London to Plymouth (a driver's day is normally reckoned at some 120 miles) calls for unfailing endurance. It is a romance which strikes the schoolboy craning up into the mysteries of the cab and the Cabinet Minister who keeps *Bradshaw* by his bedside. The late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu spent two years going through the Southern Railway shops and frequently drove the Bournemouth expresses.

On April 24, 1924, the King and Queen mounted the footplate at Swindon works.

"The signal is down," said the Queen.

"Wait for the right away," said the King.

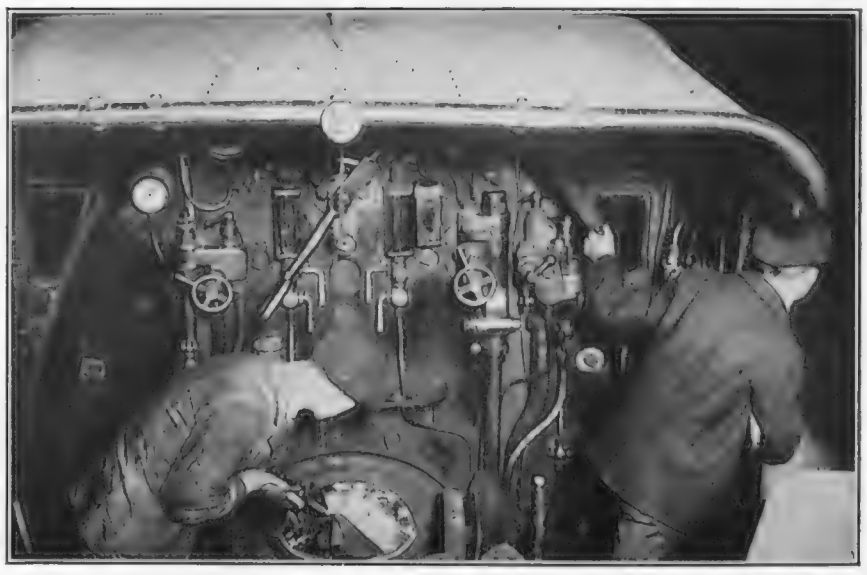
"Right away," the guard shouted. The King gave two blasts on the whistle and drove the engine into Swindon Station. Perhaps the next time His Majesty controls an engine it will be with the electric "Dead Man's Handle."

The footplate of the future will be a very different place if the Weir Commission's report is adopted. And electricity has many practical advantages over the romance of the steam-driven engine. The motor-man (goodbye, driver!) of an electric engine, standing in the forepart, has a far superior view of the line through wide, plate-glass windows, and operates, at the same time, in warm, dry, clean conditions. When signals have been altered to avoid the overhead wire structures, he will be able to see more quickly whether the line is clear or blocked.

Acceleration will be more rapid and its control by means of the Dead Man's Handle, which connects the current only when depressed, will be simpler and safer in case of a sudden accident to the driver. The even tongue of the electric locomotive and the absence of hammer blow will greatly decrease vibration. Smoke and all its dangers and discomforts wil be abolished.

Though the maximum speed may be no greater, high averages will be easier to maintain. And the end of the race to make up time (which has led in France to drivers being offered so many francs for making up so many minutes' arrears—is this why French trains are always two hours and a half late half-way?) will rob the footplate of the last thrill of romance.

Doubtless the same human qualities will be demanded of the express robot motor-men of the future. Electric drivers of to-day have to pass an examination of eighty-two questions. But I shall pardon myself a die-hard determination not to look forward with the same child-like enthusiasm to my first trip on the first express electric engine.



"The fireman spreads incessant shovelfuls of sprayed coal far back into the leaping furnace. . . . The driver . . . with a loose left arm has the feel of the regulator as of the most sensitive accelerator pedal"

AERIAL

With Engines and Without

AN AIR TOUR OF EUROPE: Miss Margery Durant with her 'plane, her pilot, and her mechanic. She flew to a pier in New Jersey from her Long Island home, whence the 'plane and passengers were transported by lighter to the liner

CROYDON TO MALMO IN AN OO: One of the twenty-five Fokkers which form this new service of the Sabini air line. The route is via Antwerp, and the first machine, seen above, to do the trip was greeted on landing at Antwerp by Crown Prince Leopold

AMY JOHNSON OF GERMANY: Fräulein Elli Beinhorn, the twenty-two-year-old aviatrix who has made a great reputation for her flight over Central Sahara, a name which rings even in the Dark Continent itself. In her perilous enterprise she covered some 7,500 miles without observer or pilot, and is seen above greeting the cheering crowd at Templehof Field, Berlin

AIRWOMEN OF JAPAN HONOURED: A group including the Minister of Communications, Mr. Keizumi (third from right), the noted democrat, who is extremely popular for his genial manners as well as for his intrinsic qualities—a popularity evidenced by the fact that when he joined the Hamaguchi Cabinet he did not possess an evening dress suit but was presented with one immediately by public subscription among his townsfolk. Next to Mr. Keizumi is his daughter. The hatted figure is Miss Boku, the Korean, who flew to meet the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce; second from the right is Miss Kane-ko Kitamura, the notable writer, who is practising for her certificate. The three girls on the left are the new "air girls"—stewardess-guides on the new air line between Tokio and Miho-no-Matsubara. *Inset above on left*—A WINDMILL GLIDER: Herr Hans Richter with the new glider, weighing 150 lb., with a wing spread of 90 ft. The machine is fitted with a 4-blade stabilizing propeller. The gliding record has just been beaten in Germany, Herr Grönhoff having eclipsed Kronfeld's 100-mile flight by a trip from Munich to Kaaden—166 miles

THE IRON CROSS: The German fleet has of late been assembled in Swinemünde Harbour. In the background is the flagship, Schleswig-Holstein

"CLEAN SHIP": The big guns of the Schleswig-Holstein *are scrubbed after coaling*

THE GERMAN NAVY

The Latest Developments of the Post Treaty Fleet Include Wholesale Scrapping and Revolutionary Building

By FRANK C. BOWEN

The purchase by shipbreakers of a large part of the German Navy—three battleships out of seven and three cruisers out of eight, not to mention numerous smaller craft—must not be taken as a suggestion that the country is turning to disarmament at sea, or that it has lost interest in its post-War naval plans. It is simply that another section of the programme laid down immediately after the Treaty of Versailles has been brought to an eminently satisfactory conclusion and the ships are therefore surplus to requirements. Nothing could have gone much more smoothly than Germany's naval plans, even the hitch that occurred when the Socialists opposed the building of the new "pocket battleships" having been forgotten.

By the Treaty of Versailles, Germany was limited on the naval side to eight battleships and eight cruisers, two of each type being in reserve. Any or all of these ships could be replaced as they became twenty years old, but the new ships could not exceed 10,000 tons displacement each in the case of battleships and 6,000 in cruisers.

At the same time the personnel was not to exceed 1,500 commissioned and warrant officers and 13,500 petty officers and ratings. Remembering how Germany overcame the disarmament measures imposed by Napoleon after Jena by the creation of a short-service army with huge reserves, the Allies insisted that all the men should be volunteers enlisting for twelve years.

Apart from these restrictions the terms imposed were not harsh, and the German Government was allowed considerable latitude in choice within the limits laid down. They immediately set themselves to make the very most of their opportunities just as they did a century and a quarter ago, and with very similar success.

The first matter to be dealt with was the personnel. The allowance of 1,500 was devoted almost entirely to the commissioned ranks; warrant officers could be promoted when necessity arose, but officers had to be trained from lads. Although before the war they had been forced to resort to every possible promise to persuade conscripts to stay with the colours long enough to be made petty officers, men now swarmed to the recruiting offices for twelve years' service, and the authorities had the flower of the maritime districts from which to make their selection.

When it came to selecting the ships that it would keep, the German Admiralty surprised laymen by choosing the oldest available that were fit to be sent to sea, and some of them wanted a lot of money spent on them before they could be described as being even that. Battleships launched between 1902 and 1906, ships that were present at Jutland but which were freely acknowledged to have had a very narrow escape there, and cruisers still older and quite worn out, launched between 1899 and 1903.

It was a very astute move, for it gave the country the right to start replacing at the earliest possible moment, the battleships in 1921, and the cruisers as soon as the plans could be prepared. They had no use for this right at the time, but it was just as well to have it, although, as a matter of fact, they did not bestir themselves about armoured ships for several years.

They took their time even with the cruisers, and it was not until 1923 that the new *Emden* was laid down, principally for propaganda purposes to show the German flag in distant seas and to make the most of the fame of her corsair predecessor. She was followed by other ships designed after experiment which were remarkable for the features crowded into their restricted displacement.

The battleships and old cruisers were regarded as a training force only, although, after reconstruction, they undertook some longish cruises. There was no thought of using them for warlike purposes; when merchantmen wanted help, they even used battleships as icebreakers, which certainly did not improve them as fighting ships. Their sole purpose was to mould the new volunteer seamen into a fighting force, and they certainly did it. Intensified training went on without a pause and the discipline was every bit as severe as in the Kaiser's day.

The year 1931 sees the end of the first twelve-year term of enlistment, and it must be admitted that a magnificent body of men is being discharged. The recruiting selectors did their work well; there are few "hard bargains" among them, and practically the whole allowance under the Treaty, allowing for wastage, are potential warrant and petty officers. They are still in their early prime, and will be available to the Navy in an emergency for many years to come. But it is not desirable to have a second huge batch of such men twelve years hence, and therefore recruiting and training are being relaxed, and the ships not required by the normal flow of young seamen are being scrapped.

The German Navy is now beginning to build up to the limits of the Treaty and the designs are acknowledged to be the most remarkable in the world. Attention is now focussed on the first of the 10,000-ton "pocket battleship" which is to be launched almost immediately and which now has a wonderful press after being the centre of very bitter political quarrels. The opposition of the Socialists can be understood when it is remembered that she will be by far the most expensive man-of-war of her size ever built; perhaps it is the sensation that has been created all over the world by such of her details as have been made public which has changed this opposition to more public enthusiasm than has ever been shown to a German ship.

The naval authorities of the world were astounded, and at first incredulous, when it was announced that on a displacement strictly limited to 10,000 tons the German designers crowded six 11-in. high-velocity guns, a thick belt and two protective decks, a speed of 26 knots and a radius of 10,000 sea miles at 20 knots. It is only possible by wonderful light-weight Diesel engines in which the Germans have every faith.

The ship will be launched at the Deutsche Werke, the old German naval dockyard at Kiel which is officially closed as a naval base by the Treaty of Versailles, but is being kept efficient by mercantile work until they can reopen it if the Treaty is revised. The ship is provisionally known as the *Ersatz Preusen*, which is her building name; she is more powerful herself than the whole of the German battleships together which were left after the Treaty of Versailles.

THIS CHROMIUM AGE

A Revolution in Metal

"How do they keep that tower shiny?"

That is a question often heard on the streets of New York when visitors come within eyeshot of the gleaming chromium alloy towers of the city's newest skyscrapers.

Chromium was a curiosity to metallurgists a century ago; now a single Sheffield factory plates more than 2,000 articles with chromium. For years after chromium was discovered science failed to utilize it. The metal needed society. When it was found to mix with other metals it began its meteoric rise in the metal world.

A small percentage of chromium mixed with steel, iron, brass, and other metals produces a hard, tough alloy with high heat resistance. Chromium thwarts rust and corrosion; it resists the attack of all but two chemicals. Perhaps the most widely-known feature of chromium is the mirror-like polish of chromium plate.

Without chromium a leading motor-car factory would require a plant seven times its present size to produce the same number of motor-cars because tools and machine parts containing chromium withstand the stress and strain of high-speed machinery.

The average man has a somewhat "chromiumized" day. When he awakes one of the first things he sees is the bedroom wall-paper which probably was printed on a chromium-plated paper, and his wife dons a dress with coloured designs that were printed by a chromium-plated die. He turns a bright chromium-plated door knob on the bath-room door, makes shaving lather on his face with water from chromium-plated taps, and shaves with a chromium-plated razor. The knife that cuts his morning grape-fruit does not stain because its blade contains chromium.

Available for preparation of another meal is the spotless chromium-plated toaster and teapot of permanent lustre. The paper money his wife uses to purchase the day's groceries and the postage stamps that adorn his morning mail were printed from a chromium-plated engraved die. A mere film of chromium will extend the life of engraving dies three times longer than naked plates.

Watches and locomotive axles, engine-driving rods and rails are treated with the magic metal.

Although chromium plate has been in wide commercial use less than ten years, many motor-car manufacturers now plate radiator shells, headlight shells, door handles, bumpers, hub caps, and trimmings with chromium. Under the bonnet are numerous chromium alloy and plated parts. Without their strengthening qualities the motor would of necessity be larger. Chromium may have been mixed with the steel of which the chassis was moulded. Many tons of chromium alloy and chromium plate go into the construction of modern buildings. Chromium alloy usually is employed where its strengthening qualities are required, and chromium plate where metal is exposed to atmospheric corrosion and gleaming trimmings are desired. No longer must the mariner gaze upon pock-marked brass rails and fittings on his craft, for a little chromium mixed with brass resists the corrosion of salt spray.

In the chemical industry chromium has made its mark in tanning leather. Chromium-treated leather resists the disintegrating effects of many chemicals and water. In 1928 American oil refineries found that chromium reduced corrosion of cracking chambers treating high sulphur oils. In the paper industry chromium plate has lengthened the life of tubes used for the evaporation of waste sulphate liquor. Heat-resisting qualities of chromite, the mineral source of chromium, make it valuable as a lining for open-hearth furnaces. Chromite has been mined in all continents except the Antarctic.

Maryland led in production of chromium from 1830 until 1870. It was unseated by Turkey, which held first place until 1903. Rhodesia and New Caledonia jockeyed for first position after Turkey relinquished its place. To-day, South Rhodesia is the world's greatest chromite producing region.

BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR TYRE
MANUFACTURERS
TO H.M. THE KING

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

C.F.H.719

WILD LIFE

From a Fascinating Volu
"Memories of Four Score
Chapman—just published

Addax Antelopes in the Sahara

These animals are notable for the fact that they can go absolutely without water for a lifetime

Giant Elands and White Rhinoceros

A giant eland is a far from easy beast to capture and an attempt cost Sidney Pearson his life

Marabous, Jabirus, and Sacred Ibis

The ordinary term for the second-named bird is the saddle-billed stork

Hippopotami, Openbi

One of the most remarkable figures in the world of natural history was unquestionably that of Abel Chapman who, until his death at the age of seventy-eight, was an active pursuer and a passionate lover of bird and animal life. The author of *Bird Life of the Borders*, and *Wild Spain* and *Savage Sudan*, among other books, he is a classic writer. The illustrations on this double page are from his posthumously-published work, *Memories*. The book is a record of fauna, African and European; from Khartoum to Cairo, in the Sudan, in Spain, and in Northumberland, the adopted county of this cultured brewer and the scene of many of his happiest hours. The text is interspersed with illustrations in black and white, and the whole volume is freely decorated with pictures in full colour by Mr. W. H. Riddell. They possess a vivid charm of colour and detail which places the volume in the forefront of all recent illustrated nature books. Perhaps the most enthralling chapter in the book deals with Lake Menzaleh—a shallow expanse of some 800 square miles near the Suez Canal; hereon all manner of wild fowl are to be found and the description of the many species has to be read to be believed. Although birds seem the greatest magnet to the fancy of this enthusiast whom age could neither halt nor deter in his pursuit of his lesser brethren, animal life also exerted its charm upon him, and he writes with

E in AFRICA

Volume of Sporting Memoirs—Score Years less Two," by Abel ished by Gurney and Jackson

enbills, and Fishing Eagle

The Perch : *Tiny birds on elephant back*

the same zest and tenderness of the smaller beasts with which he came into contact as he lavishes upon the two-legged denizens of the air. In him the Franciscan realization of the brotherhood of nature reaches a climax; and compounded with this almost mystical quality are those of the skilled writer-observer and cultured sportsman who can cite from earlier works with point and aptitude. Naturalists acquainted with the desert will read with special interest Chapman's remarks on animals which live without water, either for long periods or throughout their whole lives.

White-eared Cob

These beasts carry magnificent and graceful horns; they share drinking pools with reed buck

Dawn

The majestic desert royalty and his queen silhouetted against the apparently lifeless stretch of African country

Wildfowl on Lake Menzaleh

This lake, at the delta of the Nile, is a wonderland of bird life

Schweppes
Table Waters
Don't say:
"Whisky and Soda,"
Say:
"Whisky and Schweppe"

TRAVEL *and* H. M. TOMLINSON

A Notable Book of Essays: A Bad Lord French and a Good Philip Sidney Biography

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

Since the English are a shy race they will travel great distances by train without speaking one to the other. If one person in the carriage is bold enough to start a conversation he may find himself rebuffed or, perhaps equally trying, that he has linked himself to a garrulous fellow who becomes a persecutor. I always derive amusement in watching the process of selectivity that takes place on a railway platform. The carriages are carefully inspected, the first selection being determined by its position and whether one travels with one's back or face towards the engine. These necessary preliminaries achieved, the human factor enters. There is the baby that will cry, the small boy who will clamber all over the carriage seat, an untidy mother guaranteeing absence of discipline, the young woman who will eat oranges, and the jovial gentleman who has come supplied with a whisky flask. Finally, a quiet old maid, a refined young man, a red-faced farmer, and a vacant corner seat produce fixation. Behind a shield of newspapers we journey the first thirty miles.

Now if suddenly, the *Times* falling, we found ourselves confronting Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, or Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, a trial of nice behaviour would begin in the heart of any man with a taste for literature and good talk. He would, in the one case, try not to be seen looking at his distinguished companion, or, in the other, he would succumb to the temptation to talk with him. Many years ago, an impetuous youth, I began a friendship with John Masefield in that manner. He entered my train at Oxford and we parted good friends at Paddington. That journey brought me one of the richest rewards of my life. But I have not always been so sensible or so discerning, though once I was blindly fortunate. I talked with a stranger in the Balkan express going West. He was one of the most intelligent and charming men I ever met—and the most abused. He left the train at Lausanne. The deputation on the platform, and the drugget laid for his feet, made me ask who he was. The ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, I was told.

When I come to think of it the most unfortunate railway journey I ever took was from London to the very extremity of Scotland. For the whole journey there sat opposite me H. M. Tomlinson, and we never exchanged a word. It was exactly one week before the Battle of Jutland, and we were both on a visit to the Grand Fleet. That was in May, 1916. He was then a Fleet Street journalist. Fate destined me not to see his face again until this May of 1931, when I sat next to him in his dining-room in a house half-an-hour from Charing Cross. In those intervening years he has stepped into world-wide recognition; but he was writing prose as good, and I am sure would have talked as well then as he does in this year of grace. I have had good reason to lament the loss of those twenty-four hours of *tête-à-tête* from London to Thurso.

The fame of Mr. Tomlinson has been a curious thing. He made his reputation with quiet prose studies, with sketches of travel and observations of life, but it was a reputation that was whispered up and down the back alleys of Fleet Street. Then the collectors began to pick up little books carrying his name, and then his friends said this really wasn't good enough and he must write a novel. So he wrote the novel, to wake up and find himself—Tomlinson.

Here again is the old Tomlinson, the quiet man who sat in the corner of that train, said nothing and watched everything. God has seldom given eyes used to a better purpose, with a more discerning care, a more scrupulous, patient, kindly light noting the follies, graces, and half-shadows of despair on the faces of humanity. In *Out of Soundings* (Heinemann. 6s.), Mr. Tomlinson gives us sixteen studies, finely-drawn etchings that range from the death of a brown owl to the death of an immortal, from Joey who came out of the woods and fields to watch the habits of mortals, to Thomas Hardy, who, knowing so well their habits, went out to the woods and fields to watch the indifference of Nature. Let not the reader imagine that this is a mere literary lifeboat sent out to rescue half-dead articles from the sea of monthly magazines. From that sea these articles have been rescued, it is true, but life is as robust within them as in those first days when they embarked. Here is treasure from the ocean, "out of soundings" it may be, but "more gifts of fortune" cast up on our fortunate shores. Here is a tame owl that joins the immortal flock whose wings beat through our bird literature, whose death is a fatality that wrings our hearts. Was ever death more tender and graceful?

"We stood round him one morning while he stared at us from the ground; he was on his back, and that had never happened before. He stared at us with what appeared to be bright and haughty knowledge. His young friend, so recently returned, knelt to lift his head. The brown owl nibbled his fingers in greeting. Then he shut his eyes and returned to Athene."

When I read these essays, so carefully built, I recall an old bricklayer who came to build me a fireplace. I did not know such delicate things could be done with bricks, such perfect fantails, such arches, such just segments with half-bricks and quarter-bricks. I recall how lovingly the time-worn hand moved over the surface of the growing pattern, and how mere bricks and mortar slowly took the shape of a poem. Mr. Tomlinson's prose is like that. Every word justly fits its place, must bear the burden of his thoughts, curve to the arch of his fancy, so that slowly there arises a creation that brings fresh beauty to worn words. Here is a common illustration. Let us join the author in one of those Hollywood-wrought heavens where the seats tip up and the lights sink down.

"I suppose I was in a gallery. My feeling was that I was suspended in mid-air with a multitude of unauthentic beings. There were coloured auroral glowings on bastions and far rafters at night, but they did not illuminate."

Unauthentic beings! There, uniquely expressed, is the sensation that makes the world stand in a queue. It is the unauthenticity of that life which constitutes its lure to those seeking escape from reality.

When you hear Mr. Tomlinson laugh in the flesh it has a boy's quality of delight. Out of the sadness of this old earth he is so grateful to retrieve a reason for mirth. Seated at his tea-table, the man who has had to fight hard to keep his faith in humanity threw back his head and laughed at an incident evoked. It came like the note of a bird in leafless spring, surprising, the herald of a new world; for all the grim folly of the world he believes in the resurrection of reason, the fresh green that will transform the grey old earth. In his essay on "The Dawn of Reason," he pays mirthful tribute to the omniscience of the scribes who provide the daily dose of sensation for our breakfast tables.

"I do not know everything of Russia as it is, although I have not been there. It would be wrong to make the high claim to plenary inspiration in a matter because of the strength of my moral perceptions, especially as I doubt that I have the gift to acquire knowledge by guessing at it."

After thirty years in Fleet Street only humour and honesty could arrive at that avowal. If our newspapers entertained doubts and gave up guessing, how dull our breakfast tables would become and how rational the world would seem! This sly fun of Mr. Tomlinson's has a demolishing quality which is quite as effective as the sub-acid treatment. It is derived, I think, from his ability, after all these years of experiences, to look with fresh eyes at life. We have all passed through Dijon again and again on our way to the Côte d'Or. In his apposite words, "If you look out in time Dijon is a name on a railway station to be seen in France when you are going somewhere else." His first memories of it are told in words that evoke the French scene with perfection at a moment when it was about to become the prelude to a world drama. He first noticed it about three in the morning, awakened by the jolting of the train. "Dijon was then a group of French soldiers in cherry-coloured bloomers under a feeble lamp." Nine months later, in the same station, it being then September, 1914, he saw the cherry-bloomers again, worn by weary men, some with wounds which were evidently gangrenous—"a smell I got to know rather better later on."

This is a cheerful book, slow-moving like a placid river, but with power to carry its argosies of thought. Occasionally one glimpses the Tomlinson that could freeze our marrows had he the wish. Of all the War vignettes I know nothing to equal the sheer horror of the story of the soft-hearted gunner. After a ferocious attack, finding a captured trench over which he could not get his guns, he filled the hollow with the bodies of his comrades who had fallen, including his own brother, and over these piled bodies the guns were driven. "He wept when he told me of it long after. Were his tears a sign of weakness?" asks Mr. Tomlinson.

With the best will in the world I find it hard to recommend *The Life of Field-Marshal Sir John French*, by Major Hon. Gerald French (Cassell. 15s.). It is an indigestible work of filial piety. It tells us nothing new about the Field-Marshal, and merely rakes up again controversies which are better dead. In any case the world is tired of these post-War recriminations. The soldier has always shown a contempt for the politician, since the soldier has only one point of view and cannot appreciate the many facets with which the politician has to contend. This untidy book, formidable with small type and immense extracts from the Press, is padded back and front with those polite but empty letters which great figures are apt to write to one another. The promise in one of these letters from a distinguished soldier that this is an impartial biography is not fulfilled. It is a long piece of special pleading by a son who feels that injustice has been done to his father's memory.

It is a pity that the task was not committed to a practised writer; the volume is amateurish in the worst sense of the word, with no attempt at analysis, selection, or interpretation. All that was to be said for the Field-Marshal on the shell question was said, and his reputation is best sustained in his book, *1914*. This book is a mere *réchauffé* of letters, newspaper-cuttings, and general compliments. Historically it is worthless. Nor does it appear that the Field-Marshal suffered grave injustice, as this book would urge. Whether he was dismissed as the result of the shell crisis and the resentment of Asquith at the exposure, or following the failure of Loos, he merely went the way of all the war generals. Nowadays we are kindly. When great men are dismissed they are decorated and sent to the House of Peers; three hundred years ago they were degraded and sent to the Tower. One half of the book deals with the early career of French. It has all been told before and, sad though it is, it is impossible to arouse any interest in the South African campaign, which has been obliterated by the Great War. This book emphasizes once again that Kitchener seems to have been a general nuisance. It is surely time that someone came along to make a defence of a man who, lacking sons to defend his memory with the creditable zeal of Major French, has, these days, a bad press, and not a voice to do him honour.

In his short but spectacular life Sir Philip Sidney, like a young man centuries later, Rupert Brooke, contrived to live and die in an atmosphere of romance. His story has been told again and again. It is noteworthy that the most famous story told of him, the incident of the cup of water on the field of battle, which has become a child's story-book legend of heroism, fades into insignificance before the full facts of his career. He was a young man born to walk in a pageant, and the Elizabethan age provided a backcloth of great splendour. Miss Mona Wilson has vividly retold his life in *Sir Philip Sidney* (Duckworth. 21s.). It lacks the body of the fuller work of Professor Wallace's life, but its great merit is that Miss Wilson has dealt at length with Sidney's position in the dawn of Elizabethan literature, and has given a full and clear examination of the soldier - courtier - poet's literary achievement. This life is presented with freshness and a grasp of the wide European scene necessary to an understanding of the spirit of that age of unrest.

Recommended List:

Occupied, 1918–1930, *by Ferdinand Tuohy* **(Butterworth. 10s. 6d. net).**—Here is the first full history of the military occupation of Germany as seen by the author from all angles. Mr. Tuohy is a brilliant and trustworthy journalist, and this astonishing book cannot be ignored. It makes one hot with embarrassment at times, but Mr. Tuohy is right not to spare us. This and worse might have happened to us. Here is the ugly visage of war with the sneer of peace on its features.

The Trial of Alfred Arthur Rouse, *by Sydney Tremayne* **(Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d. net).**—The Rouse trial had elements of doubt that will cause it to be debated for many years. Mr. Tremayne, who attended the trial throughout, gives an excellent setting of the drama with all the chief actors. It makes dramatic reading, with no element missed, and the whole most skilfully presented.

Herefordshire, Vol. I (Royal Commission on Historical Monuments) **(H.M. Stationery Office. 30s. net).**—This is the first volume of a very great work on the historical monuments of Herefordshire. It covers the south-west district. The text is full and authoritative, the hundreds of illustrations are excellent, and it is the fruit of years of research. No short notice can render it adequate justice.

Landscape in English Art and Poetry, *by Laurence Binyon* **(Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d. net).**—A well-known poet and art critic's lectures delivered at the University of Tokio in 1929. The work of a fine scholar in line and letters.

Haste to the Wedding, *by Aelfrida Tillyard* **(Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net).**—A novel of charm and gaiety set in the eighteenth century. Fragrance and wit, and a swift-running commentary on life.

The Man with the Two Mirrors, *by Edward Knoblock* **(Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net).**—Naughty Paris, a crowded scene, a deft pen, and not a moment's pause to the whimsical end.

Out of Focus, *by Joan Haslip* **(Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d. net).**—One of those few novels in the form of letters which succeeds. There is a constantly changing scene and a delicate perception of a young woman's life.

PICTURES and SCULP

Some Outstanding Exhibits in the Academy

"THE HON. MRS. JOHN BARRAN AND THE HON. MARGARET HORE-RUTHVEN," by F. Cadogan Cowper, A.R.A.

"William Lawrence," by Gladys Barron

"THE MAIDEN," by Dame Laura Knight, A.R.A.

"Modern Grace," by C. W. Dyson Smith

This very charming nude displays the modern trend for slenderness at its most attractive

FROM THEOCRITUS." by Henry Pegram, R.A.

"Basil and Joy," by C. W. Dyson Smith

"Unsaddling at Epsom" by Alfred J. Munnings, R.A.

"Whitehall from St. James's Park" b

TURE at the R. A.

Exhibition of 1931 at Burlington House

"Mrs. Edward Baron," by David Jagger

"Déjeuner Sur L'Herbe," by Lancelot M. Glasson

by Rex Vicat-Cole

"THE COUNTESS OF LISBURNE," by Gerald Kelly, R.A.

"Study of Kraskie," by W. Reid Dick, R.A.

"Landscape: Kent," by James Fitton

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"Sir Frederick Richmond, Bart.," by Francis Dodd, A.R.A.
(Chairman of Debenham, Ltd.)

RUSKINIANA : In the Sale Room

Valuable Drawings to be Auctioned at Sotheby's

"THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE," by John Ruskin

"JOHN RUSKIN" (aged three), by James Northcote, R.A.

"RUSKIN'S FATHER" (as a young man), by Henry Raeburn, R.A.

"MRS. RUSKIN, 1825" (Ruskin's mother), by James Northcote, R.A.

"MR. RUSKIN" (Ruskin's Father), by James Northcote, R.A.

Next week a fascinating collection is to be disposed of at Sotheby's. This consists of the collection of pictures and drawings, formerly the property of the late Professor John Ruskin, which have been removed from Brentwood, Coniston, and sold by order of the trustees. Among them is a magnificent Raeburn portrait of the wealthy Scottish wine merchant, who was the father of the great professor of aesthetics. The portrait of Mrs. Ruskin shows one of the most masterful mothers in recent biographies. She ever directed and controlled her son's life, even forcing upon him Effie Gray as his wife. His father was also a dictatorial type of parent, now portrayed in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Ruskin himself was a tall elegant and somewhat languid figure with bright blue eyes. He affected a dark blue coat over black trousers. His stock was also blue.

GIUSEPPE VERDI: A portrait by Boldini

VERDI: A New Biography

One of the most interesting figures in musical history, Giuseppe Verdi, has at last had justice done to him. The plaudits of the world at *Aïda*, *Trovatore*, *Otello*, *Traviata*, and *Rigoletto* have assured him his place in musical history, but his character as a man—second only to his ability as a musician—has been passed over. A patriot, a practical farmer on his own estate at Sant'Agata, Verdi was ever worthy of admiration; his life was interesting—Napoleon III, Cavour, Manzoni, Garibaldi, Dumas, Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Wagner being among those with whom he came into contact. The book *Verdi* (Heinemann. 21s. net) comes from the pen of Mr. Francis Toye, himself a musical critic of great distinction. Mr. Toye writes in his summary: "Between March, 1842, and March, 1851, he wrote fourteen operas, one of them twice over! The amazing thing is that these operas include not only *Nabucco* and *Ernani* and such 'progressive' works as *Macbeth* and *Luisa Miller*, but *Rigoletto* itself. There was, however, a good as well as a bad side to this operatic tyranny. It developed a standard of craftsmanship scarcely realized in the world of music to-day. The treadmill was undoubtedly responsible for much worthless music, but it left Verdi with an unrivalled capacity 'to bend the notes' (his favourite phrase) to the service of his meaning." If in these days discord and strident cacophony have gained a temporary enthusiasm; if Verdi is remembered only for "La Donna é Mobile" and one or two other "tinkly" tunes (a tune being to too many of the moderns a term of reproach) this work was required in justice to the memory of a man who made Europe sing; if melody is returning to its rightful place in music, then the book is a worthy monument to a worthy composer. The quality of the book is excellent, the prose lucid and frank, the interest sustained, and the criticism scholarly and acute. Verdi is as lucky in his biographer as Mr. Toye in his subject.

Verdi deliberating on which of the three Neapolitan librettists he should bestow the Apple of Paris. A caricature by Delfico. Both illustrations appear in Mr. Toye's book

BEASTS *Commercial and Pets*

A Page for Animal Lovers

DOGS BIG AS HORSES AND HORSES SMALL AS DOGS: A scene at Brockham Green near Dorking where these St. Bernards and their kennel companion (owned by Mrs. Staines) take their exercise

BREEDING MUSQUASH: Miss May Hibbert, a famous live-stock breeder, is concentrating with success on these fur-bearers, the supply of which has of late fallen by 2,500,000 pelts

AUSTRALIAN EMIGRANTS: A few of the kangaroos and Bennet wallabies kept by Captain E. H. Tuckwell on his estate at Berthorpe Compton, Guildford. They are comparatively tame, but will not allow themselves to be touched

THE PORCINE COCKTAIL: The influx of women into agriculture is exemplified in this picture from the Swanley Horticultural College where pig rearing, chicken farming, and dairy work are included in the curriculum. The pig seen above is so tame it almost begs

THE CANINE BOARDING HOUSE: A group of the patrons of the well-known Bell Mead Kennels, Haslemere. In addition to the breeding of dogs and the instruction of kennel maids, dogs of all breeds are cared for while their owners are away. The slogan of the establishment is "all breeds boarded"

FURS GROWN IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND: A couple of fitch at feeding time in the first commercial farm in Britain established for the breeding of mink in Kent. Fitch, nutria, and musquash are also reared and export is made even to stock farms in Canada

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

LAUGHTON: *The great character actor, with Miss Louise Hampton in the latest piece of squalid brilliance, "Payment Deferred," at the St. James's*

"Payment Deferred."

It was said of Ellen Terry, I believe, that she could, and did, recite passages out of Bradshaw's railway guide and bring tears to the eyes of her listeners. I am quite sure that Mr. Charles Laughton could read aloud the most innocuous and ingenuous chapter of "Alice in Wonderland" and cause a shiver of macabre apprehension to run through his audience. Indeed, when he appeared as Mr. Pickwick a few years ago I could easily have persuaded myself that Mr. Laughton-Pickwick had murdered a couple of people in the Bull at Rochester, was blackmailing Mr. Snodgrass, and was liable at any moment to give Mrs. Bardell's little boy a sadistic thrashing. The chops would be chops at a half-severed head, and tomato sauce is unpleasantly suggestive of gore. . . . One need not pursue the fantasy further. The point is that if Mr. Laughton was a bad Mr. Pickwick he is always extremely good as that sinister personality we know on the stage as Mr. Laughton. Mr. Laughton in private life—I have never had the honour of meeting him—is doubtless an easy and kindly man, fond of flowers and children. But I can never picture him behind the footlights save as a man who would pull the wings off flies and poison a devoted wife for the pleasure of watching her last agonies. I rejoice that the British stage does possess such a personality. He comes in very useful. And when he is, as Mr. Laughton is, a remarkably fine actor into the bargain, his presence is doubly welcome.

Mr. Laughton "comes in useful" in *Payment Deferred*, the new murder play at the St. James's, adapted by Jeffrey Dell from a novel by C. S. Forester. The only flaw in the fitting is that this is essentially a play of conscience, whereas the stage Mr. Laughton could not possibly have any conscience at all. He, as William Marble the hard-up suburban bank clerk, would have murdered young William Medland for his money right enough, and would have buried him in the back-garden. But he would not have started and quivered every time a knock came at the front door, nor would he have grown hysterical with fear because a little boy in the next garden wanted to look for a lost ball near the spot where lay the mouldering corpse. He would have caught the 8.5 each morning, totted up his figures serenely, and come back each evening with the fish for dinner and plans ready for the next murder. But then there would have been no play, which would have been a pity, for this, of its type, is a fine play. That is because it gets its thrills—real thrills—out of real people and not out of New York policemen and foreign spies and other lay figures who talk at each other through telephones. Nor is one set puzzling as to who committed the murder, for we know at once. So that nuisance is out of the way.

As the conscience-stricken bank clerk, Mr. Laughton brings us into human sordidness, into the region of stark crime with no frills on, of which we read in the Thompson-Bywaters case. There is, too, a touch of the Charles Peace story in the devotion of the wife. In this play the wife commits suicide because she cannot stand the worry of it all—and her husband is hanged for her death, and not for that of the person he *did* murder. If this is not exactly the irony of the Aristotelian definition of tragedy, it comes precious near it. Miss Louise Hampton gave a beautiful performance as the wife, and Miss Elsa Lanchester shed her quaint little tricks and successfully struck out a new line as the daughter. Miss Jeanne de Casalis as a local gold-digger was good; it was not her fault that she could not help suggesting the type of young woman who would never have been content to do her gold-digging in suburbia.

"London Wall."

Mr. John van Druten is not afraid of the accusation of being photographic. He does not allow himself that small degree of exaggeration which is supposed to be necessary when one is holding the mirror up to nature in a room that possesses three walls only instead of four. His new play at the Duke of York's, *London Wall*, is as matter of fact as the telephone exchange, and is as efficient as that institution may be presumed to be.

This sort of work is not so easy as it looks. Galsworthy can do it. He can do it no better than the comparatively youthful Mr. Druten, who can take the people he sees round him and make a play out of them with the skill that is the greater for being so tactfully concealed. There is, of course, supreme art (as well as artfulness) in this, just as the late Charles Hawtrey was the supreme master of light-comedy, because he could light a cigarette and squirt a siphon on the stage, and make all, but the most discerning, remark that that sort of thing must be so easy. Hawtrey thought out every gesture beforehand, and never moved a finger without intending that movement to count and to have a direct bearing on the play. Van Druten is a sort of Hawtrey among the dramatists.

In the lawyer's office, which is the scene of *London Wall*, precious little happens, and what does happen is not in the least sensational. Yet the interest is held. We know so well—and wish to know better—Miss Marie Ney's hard-working typist of thirty-five. The woman is full of kindness and pathos. She is the ideal wife, mother, and home-manager. But she has never had a home or a husband, and she never will. Equally real is Miss Nadine March. There are but two shreds of plot — the young girl who is saved from seduction and married off to a decent man, and the old woman who is always meddling about making and re-making a will. These do not vastly matter: what does matter is who the people are and what they say, though, Heaven be praised, they do not wax epigrammatic and we are spared laborious brilliance—a sign that Mr. van Druten is a mature dramatist after all. Mr. Frank Lawton played a pleasant young clerk in a pleasant young clerkly manner. His is a welcome personality. He is, I think, a little "charm-conscious." But to a good actor much may be forgiven.

"Die Fledermaus."

A visit to Covent Garden just now does not inevitably mean hours of Wagnerian gloom, with Wotan, Tristan, Alberich, Hagen, and Kurwenal — good lads all, but on the heavy side. As a matter of fact I do not remember having heard Wagner played and sung so supremely well as is the case at the opera this season; but the great Richard is not for all tastes. I will warrant that for the champagne-like gaiety of its music Johann Strauss's *Die Fledermaus* leaves any other musical entertainment in London far behind. It is good to see Lotte Lehmann, Habich, Schumann, Tessmer, and many others just as much at home in this light-hearted musical comedy as in *The Ring*. This, incidentally, puts paid to the hoary fallacy that anyone who sings in grand opera must necessarily be immensely fat and unable to act.

"Lean Harvest."

Mr. Ronald Jeans has for long had a well-deserved reputation as an author of revue sketches which have had at all costs to be snappy and to end up in startling, amusing, or even tragic fashion, with a quick curtain, and on at once with a song-and-dance number. This can, however, mean a slavish though profitable existence. I can picture Mr. Jeans turning with a sigh of relief to write *Lean Harvest* for the St. Martin's Theatre. How pleasant for once in a way not to have to be facetious or farcical or swiftly melodramatic! What a joy not to have to compress! The result is an interesting, rather grey play, which moves in leisurely fashion to its appointed end and has as its moral—if one can call it a moral—that it can be pretty uncomfortable to have a lot of money—still more uncomfortable to have none, and eminently possible to bolt with the tin-natured and extravagant wife of another man on £500 a year. We are not told, however, how long that affair lasted.

But I am beginning at the wrong end. Nigel Trent, masterful and money-making, was obviously destined to marry Celia (the tin woman) and not Anne, to whom he was engaged. And it was so. Anne was of the clinging type, and later she clung in lawful wedlock to Steven, Nigel's brother, who was an unsuccessful novelist. Then, suddenly, came a touch of fantasy, put in as a *virtuoso* speciality, like a ballet in one of Mr. Jeans' revues; Nigel pictures what he would do if he were blessed (or cursed) with Steven's lack of money. The fantasy does not lead either Nigel or the play anywhere, but it holds the attention, it is new, and it gives that admirable but somewhat grim actor, Mr. Leslie Banks, a chance to soften up a bit. Both he and Miss Diana Wynyard, who plays Celia and makes of the part quite the best thing she has ever done, are hard, and have to be hard. For *Lean Harvest* is a hard play, cynical and rather brutally so. Mr. Nigel Bruce contributes a careful study of the man who takes on Celia—that is Mr. Jeans's most cynical touch of all. Anne and Steven are not a bit happy either, for all their poverty and lack of success. Strangely enough, the scene was not Norway, and it was not supposed to be raining all the time. But still—whaur's your Harry Ibsen the noo?

Sasha

LAWTON: *Mr. Frank Lawton (of "Young Woodley" fame), Miss Heather Angel, and Miss Marie Ney in van Druten's comedy, "London Wall," at the Duke of York's*

"ELISABETH von ENGLAND"

Pictures of the Great Production at Darmstadt

THE DUAL SCENE: A moment during the Darmstadt production of *Elisabeth von England*—a play which runs concurrently in Berlin. In Berlin the stage is divided perpendicularly; in Darmstadt, horizontally. Philip of Spain above and Elisabeth below are seen praying for victory in the Armada

THE MODERN SETTING FOR *ELISABETH VON ENGLAND*: This device enables the audience to see two scenes at once. It was designed for the Hessen Landestheater by Herr Wilhelm Reinking

THE NOBILITY OF ENGLAND: Fräulein Hermine Körner as Elisabeth, Herr Franz Pfandler as Cecil; Bacon, Northumberland, and Southampton pray for victory. *Inset above on right* is a close-up of the ageing Queen; *inset above on left* is the Queen without her famous auburn wig, while the top right-hand picture shows Essex (Herr Werner Hinz) getting his first glimpse of his royal patron un-made-up and wigless. These Elisabethan efforts of the German stage are described in "The Sphere" of May 9

THE LADY OF THE DIVINING ROD: Signorina Domenica Mataloni at the Etruscan tombs. She carries the wand of rhabdomancy in her hand

RHABDOMANCING

A Strange New Art

Leprignano is a small town in the neighbourhood of Rome which, up to a few years ago, was almost unknown. Suddenly it became famous. It was found to be built on the site of the very ancient Etruscan town, Capena. Later on, at a short distance from the town, a small lake made its appearance following on a mysterious telluric movement. The small lake was peculiar, for it changed its size and shape perpetually.

Subsequently another fact attracted the attention of the citizens of Leprignano. On the surrounding hills some iron ore was found which gave rise to great hopes, for Italy is a country almost devoid of minerals.

Now Leprignano has come again into the limelight owing to the discovery of some Etruscan tombs. It was not the actual tombs which gave publicity to the event, for in this peninsula the remains of many old civilizations abound.

The extraordinary fact is, instead, that these tombs were found by rhabdomancy, which is divination by means of a rod.

Since the remotest times, individuals of a peculiar sensibility have been able to feel the radio-active vibrations of the minerals and also of water in the subsoil.

The recent discoveries on the composition of matter and the discovery of radium furnished a scientific explanation of this thousand years old phenomenon, and a special company was established in Italy called the "Radiogeotecnica," which utilizes the hypersensibility of certain individuals for geological research work.

This company had carried on some important research work on the mysterious lake of Leprignano, and had come to the conclusion that the cause of its continual changes was not due to volcanic activity, but to some currents of oil gas running at a great depth beneath the bed of the lake.

During the research work the quite exceptional powers of the rhabdomancer, Miss Domenica Mataloni were put to the proof. It was found that this girl not only felt the presence of subterranean mineral beds, but she could feel also the presence of any object which was hidden in the subsoil.

An interesting experiment was made under the control of authorities and archæologists. The result was astounding.

The girl walked at random over the fields followed by a crowd of journalists. She held the wand common to all rhabdomancers. At a certain point the wand started to vibrate and, in a few minutes, she was able to mark out a rectangular space. The manager of the company, who already knew of the extraordinary power of this girl, wished to ascertain exactly what this rectangular space contained. He tested her by putting into her hand consecutively some gold, bronze, and silver coins, some pieces of iron, glass, and bones. The girl kept her wand lifted, but while the gold and silver coins had no effect, the other objects caused the wand to vibrate. She was able, therefore, to state beforehand that at a certain depth there was a tomb containing not only the skeletons but also some weapons and some bronze and terra-cotta objects as well as some glass ornaments.

The subsequent excavations carried out on the spot proved the truth of the supposition.

This experiment is all the more worth mentioning owing to the fact that the possibility of trickery is out of the question inasmuch as Miss Mataloni was surrounded at the time by a crowd of sceptics.

Since then Miss Mataloni has continned her researches with equal success not only at Lebrignano but also in Pompeii. The small museum of Leprignano is already overflowing with the antiquities she has discovered in this manner, and it is believed that the Government will erect a larger museum.

She will be further employed for geological research, but it is doubtful whether she will find minerals in the soil of Italy. It is to be doubted also whether, providing her with a wand and a gold coin, she would feel many vibrations on approaching the safes of some banks.

RELICS OF ROME: Ancient Latin glass bottles which have been on view recently at an unusual exhibition of ancient glass at Monza

DISCOVERED BY RHABDOMANCY: Relics of the Etruscan civilization. It is remarkable that every skull discovered has a perfect set of teeth

WORSE *than* WAR

The Death-Roll of the Road in U.S.A.

By a Special Correspondent

Told for the first time in all its irrational detail and its revelation of misjudgments, the story of the motor vehicle accidents in the United States during 1930 presents an amazing series of paradoxes.

It shows that the greatest number of accidents do not occur where the danger is greatest. Not children, who might be expected to figure in the greatest number of accidents, but those of maturer years are the worst sufferers. Nor are the very old seriously harmed to any great extent by street traffic.

It is not the inexperienced driver who causes the most damage, but the person who has had a year or more of driving experience.

Sunday is the day of the week on which the most traffic accidents occur, though one might expect it to be another day when the swift pace of modern business life penalizes caution.

And so it goes, an unending procession of paradoxical facts that makes motordom stand amazed at the apparent illogic of its actions—if making a mistake according to rule may be considered logical.

These interesting results of the statistician's use of his microscope on motordom are catalogued in a report of nation-wide scope prepared by the Travellers' Insurance Company under the title, "Worse Than War."

The title finds its explanation at the outset in the revelation that while 50,510 members of the A.E.F. were killed in action and died of wounds during the eighteen months of American participation in the World War, 50,900 persons were killed in automobile accidents during the last eighteen months.

Fatalities are tabulated by years beginning with 1916, when the total was 8,164. Last year they numbered 32,500. The grand total for fifteen years is 282,799. The increase from 1921 to 1925 inclusive was 69 per cent. over the preceding five-year period, while another 59 per cent. increase occurred during the succeeding five years. Deaths in 1930 increased 298 per cent., or were three times as many as in 1916.

Accidents in 1930 reached the staggering total of 835,250, an appalling number. The statistician in his detached manner analyses this figure and makes it tell an amazing story of the way they occur. The number injured exceeded the number of accidents, the former being 962,325. Analysis further showed that in each 1,000 motor vehicle accidents last year in the United States, an average of 1,191 persons was injured or killed. Specifically the number of injured was 1,152, while 39 were killed.

The pedestrian suffered most heavily. Further, drivers of motor-cars were responsible for more than three times as many traffic accidents as pedestrians, more than twice as many fatalities, and about four times the number of personal injuries.

It is in connection with the analysis of violations of the law that the motorist learns something of a side of his nature that he might wish to amend. Three specific offences stand out—exceeding the speed limit, driving on the wrong side of the road, and failing to grant the right of way. The last was the greatest single cause of accidents. It accounted for 31 per cent. of the recorded mishaps. Excessive speed was involved in 21·4 per cent., and driving on the wrong side of the road in 16·1 per cent. of the accidents in which law violations were concerned.

These three violations figure in nearly three-fifths of the deaths in motor vehicle accidents caused by improper driving, and this disobedience of the law was the cause of 69 per cent. of the total number of injuries.

The motorist, however, may experience some satisfaction that he is not the only traffic offender. Pedestrians were injured in 373,382 accidents largely as a result of their own mistakes. The injury of more than 150,000 persons was due to their errors as pedestrians. Pedestrians' blunders caused the injury of more than 45,000 motorists, while more than 110,000 of both classes were injured with the responsibility divided. Of the pedestrian accidents, 14·9 per cent. comprised children playing in the street, and an even larger percentage, 20·3, was involved in fatalities of the same character. The percentage of non-fatal injuries or deaths caused by coming from behind a parked car was approximately the same, being 10·4 and 11·1 respectively.

FEMININE FASHIONS *of* YESTERDAY *and* TO-DAY

The Art of the late Jean Boldini, the Great Feminine Painter of the late Victorian and the Edwardian Eras, Revealed at His Retrospective Exhibition in Paris, and Notabilities of Fashion of To-day

A TYPICAL GIBSON GIRL: A characteristic example of Jean Boldini's work in about 1903. It is hung in the Retrospective Exhibition now open in Paris

IN THE BOLDINI RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION: One of the brilliant portraits by the Italian whose portrait of Lady Colin Campbell was hung in the National Gallery during his lifetime

THE ART OF JEAN BOLDINI: The artist who, even in his heyday, lived in a Paris cellar. Dying last January, his collected work is now on view in Paris

THE "SAVITAR" QUEEN: Miss Helen Duncan, who was chosen by Mr. Ziegfeld as the most beautiful girl at the University of Missouri, the year-book of which is called the "Savitar"

THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE PREMIER OF JAPAN: Mrs. Naoko Hama Guchi, who is working at the New York branch of the Bank of Japan, is seen above visiting her father-in-law

LINES OF FASHION: An extremely smart evening frock in grey and black, which exploits the very low-cut back and the long skirt arranged in flowing draperies

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

The FURNITURE of YESTERDAY

A delightful pine-panelled dining-room of the Georgian period. The furniture is all genuine antique mahogany of the later half of the eighteenth century. The fireplace, which now accommodates a modern electric fire, is framed in a brown-tinted marble which blends admirably with the surrounding pine-wood. Hamptons of Pall Mall

An exceptionally fine Chippendale break-front book-case which came from the well-known Markeaton Hall collection and may now be seen in Harrod's Antique Galleries. The piece is constructed of pine and was originally painted green, but the paint has been well and carefully removed and the wood waxed a good colour which has brought up the figuring. The architectural pediment is a masterpiece of the eighteenth century craftsmanship, being beautifully carved with leaf, trellis, egg and tongue ornamentation. The astragal work of the four doors is most pleasingly designed and is carved with triple cluster columns and a leaf device comparing greatly with Chippendale's mirror carving. The lower part is fitted with twelve drawers with panelled fronts and paterae at each corner. The piece retains its original escutcheons and brass handles

This charming corner of a living-room of to-day is furnished in the manner of the eighteenth century. The Chippendale mahogany games table makes an excellent card table, and the set of four Hepplewhite chairs will comfortably accommodate the bridge enthusiasts. Gill and Reigate

This attractive Elizabethan printed linen suitable for a period room is carried out in soft shades of brown, red, and blue on a natural ground. The material is 50 ins. wide and costs 5s. 11d. a yard at Gorringe's

THE WORLD OF WOMEN—(cont.)

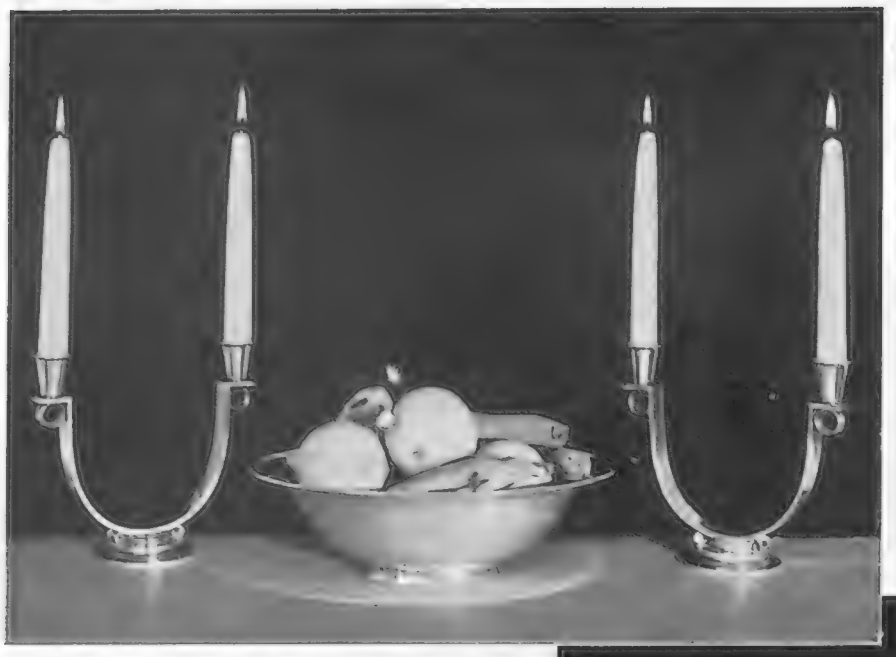
The Charm of Old English Panelling

This illustration shows the hall of a typical English country house admirably suited to oak panelling of seventeenth century design and an oak beam ceiling. Fluted pilasters and doorways have been introduced at intervals into the panelling. A finely carved oak chimney-piece is the central feature of the hall, with a fireplace of stone and red briquettes. The parquet floor is of straight oak boards of unequal widths. The oak woodwork, including the panelling and parquet flooring, was manufactured by Messrs. Howard and Sons, Ltd., of Berners Street, London, at their Cleveland Works, London, W.1. The easy chairs and sofas are made by the same firm in their well-known "Duvet" manner, and are adaptations of the best old models, covered in rich red velvet with old gold trimmings. These are in perfect harmony with the beautiful antique oak chests and cupboards already in the house

On left—
Some fine examples of William and Mary and Queen Anne walnut-wood furniture, also a Chinese lacquer cabinet on a silvered stand in the style of Daniel Marot. Over the mantelpiece is a painting of a Venetian canal scene in the manner of Marieschi. M. Harris of New Oxford Street

The Beauty of Antiques

THE WORLD OF WOMEN — (Cont.)



These beautiful candlesticks and fruit bowl were designed by the famous modern silversmith, Georg Jensen. Other examples of the work of this craftsman may be seen at 15b, New Bond Street

Modern Ideas for the Home

We live to-day in an extremely practical world, where for the most part even the æsthetic accessories which we choose for our home must combine the practical with the decorative. This is apparent in every modern home—for we have remorselessly dispensed with the often charming but useless bric-a-brac so dear to the hearts of our Victorian grandmothers.

A typical example of this point of view is given on this page in the clock, cigarette container, and lamp combined. At the base of the engraved glass is an electrical fitment which gives off adequate lighting for one's bedside needs. Two silver compartments divided by an ash-tray provide adequate accommodation for cigarettes. Included in this picture is a beautiful vase composed of enamel painted on metal.

The art of the famous Danish silversmith, Georg Jensen, has gone to the fashioning of the beautiful fruit bowl and candlesticks which is pictured above. Other equally lovely examples of the craftsmanship of this artist may be seen in the Georg Jensen showrooms at New Bond Street.

Another novelty which meets the modern demands is the engraved cruet stand, which comes from the firm of James Ogden, of London and Harrogate. A silver tray holds the engraved pepper, salt, and mustard containers which hitherto have stood separately on our table, frequently causing unsightly scratches on its polished surface and giving one a great deal of bother in passing each container separately.

A clock, lamp, and cigarette container combined is one of the newest and most attractive accessories for the home which may be seen at Finnigan's, of Bond Street. The vase in the background is composed of enamel on metal and is carried out in rich shades of blue and grey

Here is an up-to-date model of a built-in fireplace fitted with a seven-radiant gas-fire. It was designed by Messrs. A. Bell and Co., Ltd., of Berners Street

The comfortable armchair illustrated below is chosen to appear on this page principally on account of its good design and modest price. It costs only £7 7s., is hair-stuffed and has special patent springs, whilst a modern art silk damask is chosen for the covering. The chair comes from Gorringe's, and in the furnishing department of the same firm I saw amongst other interesting articles a large selection of quilts filled with wadding and covered with various colours of good quality Jap silk. The price of these quilts was ridiculously low.

Modern art silk damask is used to cover this chair, which is fitted with special patent springs and is hair-stuffed. The chair is sold by Gorringe at the low price of £7 7s.

On a previous page in this issue a charming printed linen furnishing fabric is shown. This is a typical example of the varied selection of materials which Gorringe's are now showing. Of the newest designs in lamps and cushions they have a large and interesting variety. Particularly attractive are the cushions, which rely solely on quilting for their decoration.

An example of the latest production in gas fireplaces designed by Messrs. A. Bell and Co., Ltd., of Berners Street, is shown below. It is simply constructed, having a gas-fire built in one unit with a tile mantel ready for fixing. The tile mantel, of course, may follow practically any colour scheme desired.

Fireplaces fitted with electric fires are also obtainable from the same firm. The electric fire is built in one unit with a tiled mantel which stands on a raised tiled hearth. The advantage of this fire is that it can be fixed anywhere against a flat wall, whether there is a flue or not.

Metal grates are also manufactured by this firm; dog grates in various metals and finishes, and in period designs to suit all types of architecture.

Marjorie Day

This finely engraved silver tray holds pepper, salt, and mustard containers in a compact manner. From James Ogden and Sons, Ltd., of London and Harrogate

Why be vague? Ask for—

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no finer whisky goes into any bottle

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

THE BATH HOUSE through whose baths, plunges, and showers only carbonic acid waters run

A VALLEY of HEALING

Luhacovice Spa in the Carpathians

A verdant valley cut out of a sunny slope of the White Carpathian Range, its sides pine-clad and scented, its bed watered by the limpid reaches of the Upper Olsava meandering lazily through its length, forms a lovely setting for a lovely gem—the Spa of Luhacovice. It is not known exactly when first its healing waters were discovered—legend has a casual way with dates—but according to some old chroniclers their fame and power spread far beyond the valley as early as the ninth century. Forming part of the estate of one of the old Moravian noblemen, the valley was for long a private possession, and not until the end of the sixteenth century, when it was sold, did it attract much attention. At that time, or shortly after, one of the eminent medicine-men of the Middle Ages examined the Luhacovice springs, and his excellent and accurate description in Latin has been preserved as the first written record of the Spa waters. Another century or so elapsed before visitors came to the valley for the specific purpose of a cure, but then the good news spread—slowly and surely—till to-day sufferers come in thousands from every part of Europe and America

AN EXCELLENT HOLIDAY CENTRE: Luhacovice Spa is not merely a health resort but provides excellent amusement

seeking and finding health at the "Shrine of the Waters," as the country folk call it.

People suffering from dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach, abdominal ulcers, liver and bladder troubles, and anæmia find permanent relief, whilst those victims of that terrible affliction known to us lay folk as just "nerves," can be strengthened and cured in a surprising way. The attention given to the cure of rheumatism, sciatica, and gout is one of the special features of the Spa. The method of these various treatments is natural and pleasant, only calling for a little perseverance and patience on the one hand, and strict obedience to the doctor's orders and adherence to the Spa rules regarding dieting and drinking on the other. There are over twenty physicians resident in the Spa, many of whom are eminent specialists in those particular diseases for which the waters of Luhacovice are so famous.

The interior of the inhalatorium is to the ordinary visitor an interesting sight. There are gargling rooms and steam boxes; there are pneumatic chambers and individual cabinets for the inhaling of the healing ozone; there are nasal and throat-spraying cubicles, and this intensive catarrhal treatment is usually taken in conjunction with the natural mineral water baths and the drinking cure.

In the Baths Hall, which is fitted with every modern comfort and convenience, are shower cabins, douches, and foam baths, in addition of course to all types of plunges, in which only the carbonic acid waters are served. No detail is omitted which will in any way help towards the patient's comfort and recovery, and I noted with interest that the windows here were fitted with Vita glass which allowed the ultra-violet rays of the sun to play upon the bathers. The effect of a course of these wonderful waters is amazing; it gives one a feeling of rejuvenation and general well-being which must be experienced to be understood, and, as well as clearing the body and purifying the blood, one's mind seems in some way to have been subjected to a mental spring-clean.

THE HYDROPATHIC INSTITUTE set in its lovely woods

In spite of the benefit received from a visit to this "valley of healing," the actual cost of a stay is most reasonable. A complete course of treatment will not unduly strain the average moderately filled purse. Nearly all the Spa physicians have excellent quarters for patients, and if visitors prefer, there are private rooms and flats to be let at extremely moderate rents.

One must not think that because Luhacovice is essentially a curative Spa, it is not the kind of place one would choose for a holiday. On the contrary, it is an ideal holiday resort. There is no district in Europe richer in the variety of its national customs and costumes, and these can be seen to full advantage any Sunday in Luhacovice. I went to Luhacovice by way of Dover, Ostend, Nuremberg, Prague, quite direct, though one changes at Prague. The other route is via Harwich, Dresden, Prague. The cost is practically the same in either case—a first-class ticket costs about £10, with an additional £2 for sleeper, or second class about £6 with an additional 30s. for sleeper.

M. H. L.

IN THE FRENCH STYLE: An angle of the park set in the valley of the Carpathians known locally as "The Shrine of the Waters"

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

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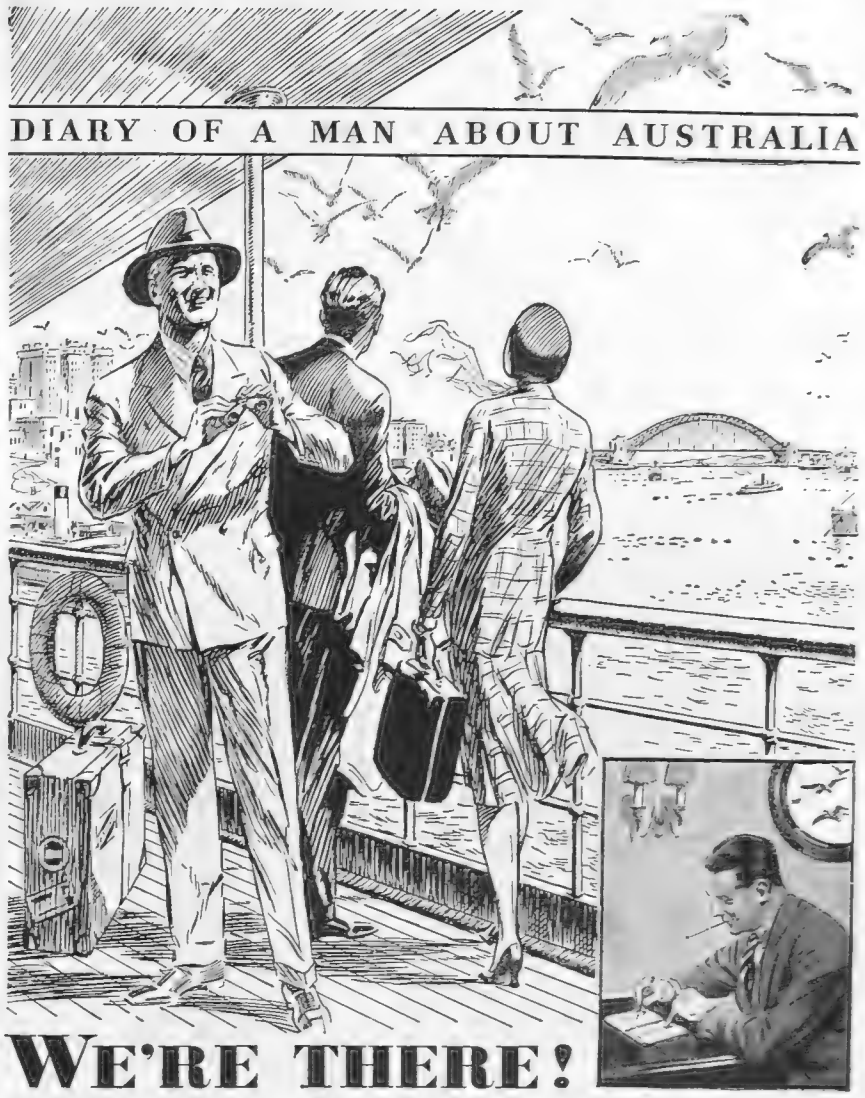

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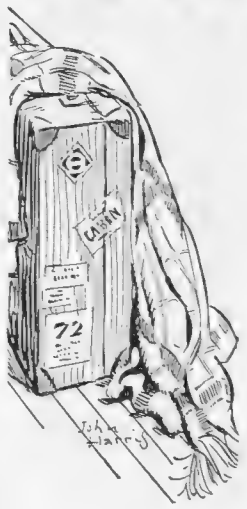

"Sydney Harbour. It's all they say and more. Sparkling blue in the sun with ferryboats and yachts flitting about and cheerful red-tiled bungalows among the gum trees that give way to skyscrapers as you near the colossal new bridge. Seems incredible all this, complete with Underground, cocktail bars and speed-cops, grown up since Captain Cook landed here among billabongs or boomerangs or whatever they were 160 years ago. Jim's disappointed he can't wear a red shirt, wide hat and top boots. Promise of wonderfully exhilarating holiday after ditto ditto trip. Naples, the Mediterranean, Ceylon and now this. Started argument which way to go back. I want to go via Canada or U.S. and see Fiji and Honolulu. Jim wants to go through Panama Canal, but Joan plumps for a trip across transcontinental line to Perth and boat home round South Africa and Las Palmas. But we're here now and will probably stay longer than we thought if I'm any judge . . . ."

AUSTRALIA

Illustrated brochures will be gladly sent by the Australian National Travel Association, Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. (or 114 Sansome St., San Francisco, U.S.A.). Shipping Companies or travel agencies will arrange bookings.

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

THE DAZZLE PROBLEM.—For a long time it has been fairly common knowledge that the Minister of Transport would eventually make the dipping or dimming of headlights compulsory. We now learn that this is definitely to be the case, and all right-thinking motorists will welcome the news. For years now hundreds of inventors have worked on the dazzle problem, and with very few exceptions all these efforts have failed. In most instances the inventor has succeeded in producing a lamp which did not dazzle oncoming motorists, but they failed in giving the man who was asked to pay for the device sufficient light to carry him on his way safely. They might just as well have scrapped his headlamps for him and given him a couple of old-fashioned carriage lamps with candles, for these certainly would not have dazzled anyone, but they would probably have landed their user in the nearest ditch. The nett result of all this great effort is that dipping or dimming are the only two safe methods that can be usefully employed, and of the two dipping is by far the more effective and the more practical. Manufacturers in making lights to conform with this principle have obtained the effect by two different means: firstly by moving reflectors, and secondly by dipping lamps. In the latter category one of the most successful designs is that made by Barker's, the well-known coachbuilding firm, whilst in the former class Messrs. Lucas have been probably the most successful.

No motorist can surely object to using one or other of these anti-dazzle devices and, as the Minister of Transport has given a satisfactory period of grace before the Order takes effect, we cannot accuse him of inflicting any great hardship on the motoring community. It is nice to know that he is going to take measures to stop the dazzling side-lamp which is often observed on large cars. This has been an evil to which we all have been subjected for many years, and if he can successfully remove the nuisance motorists will be the first to congratulate him.

A CURIOUS POINT.—Whilst writing on this question of dazzle I wonder if many of my readers have studied the psychology of fellow drivers. Invariably if I go round a bend with my head-lamps dipped and meet another car with its head-lights similarly dipped the other driver puts them on full blast and keeps them like that unless I demonstrate to him that mine are in the dipped position. This proves to me that motorists often imagine they are dazzled when they are not, a suggestion which is further confirmed by the practice of a friend of mine who ran his car with four head-lamps all of the same power. Two of these were fixed in the position usually allocated to side-lamps, and when at night he approached another car with its head-lights full on he would turn out his head-lamps and switch on the two which took the place of the side-lamps. The oncoming driver would immediately dip his lights in response and apparently go on his way rejoicing in the courtesy extended to him. My friend was also naturally pleased because even with his gesture he still has the same amount of light as before. This all proves to me that the average motorist imagines he is dazzled whenever he sees a pair of head-lamps.

RUNNING HIMSELF OUT FOR 20 (H.P.): Mr. Jack Hobbs, the Surrey and all-England cricketer, taking delivery of the 20-h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam with coach-built saloon body which he has just purchased. This is the second Sunbeam car Mr. Hobbs has had, and both have been supplied through Messrs. C. R. Andrews (Motors) Ltd., of Berkeley Street, Piccadilly

MAINLY MILITARY.—A new Riley touring car, selling at £310, has just been announced. It is known as the "Army" model, for the simple but sufficient reason that it is an exact replica of the 9-h.p. cars which the company is supplying to the War Office. Behind the introduction of this car there is a wealth of interesting history. Some two years ago the military authorities took delivery of a standard Riley Nine tourer with a view to putting it through its paces. They tested it vigorously for cross-country performance, etc., and then suggested modifications. These were effected, and the car in its new form was delivered in July, 1929. In most respects the new Army model has the specification of the standard 9-h.p. tourer, but it has much larger tyres—31 in. by 5.25 in.—and a greater back-axle reduction, this making the gear rather lower than that of the standard car. Even so, however, a speed of 60 m.p.h. is possible.

NAPIER CHANGES.—Owing to the death of Mr. M. S. Napier, the late chairman and joint managing director of D. Napier and Son, Ltd., the world-famous aero-engine manufacturers, certain changes have been made in the management. Mr. H. T. Vane, C.B.E., who has been joint managing director and general manager since 1913, the year in which the company was formed, is now chairman and managing director. Mr. F. A. Davies, who has been secretary for a similar period and who was appointed to a seat on the board four years ago, has taken over the position of general manager. Mr. R. C. Johnson is now secretary of the company.

(Continued on p. 312)

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IF you would taste the joy and exhilaration of motoring as never before —take the wheel of a Silver Eagle — travel on the wings of a bird. It is a new experience for the jaded motorist . . . thrilling . . . amazing . . . satisfying. ALVIS owners know it, enjoy it . . . hold it so highly that they call it the most interesting car in the world. Why not you?

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H.P.

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"The Car that depreciates least."

FINGER TIP CONTROL & SPRING STEERING WHEEL

The spring-spoked steering wheel and finger-tip control, illustrated here, are largely responsible for the extremely easy handling of the "PLUS" Riley.

The spring-spoked steering wheel adds greatly to driving comfort, and the control, mounted on the centre of the wheel and always immediately at hand, enables the driver to switch the lamps on or off, to "dip and switch" the head lamps, to strangle the control mixture, and in addition, to operate the electric horn and ignition control, *and all with finger movements only!*

A single demonstration will convince you of the value of these features — may we arrange it?

Catalogues and copy of "The Riley Record" (our monthly magazine) will be gladly sent you on request.

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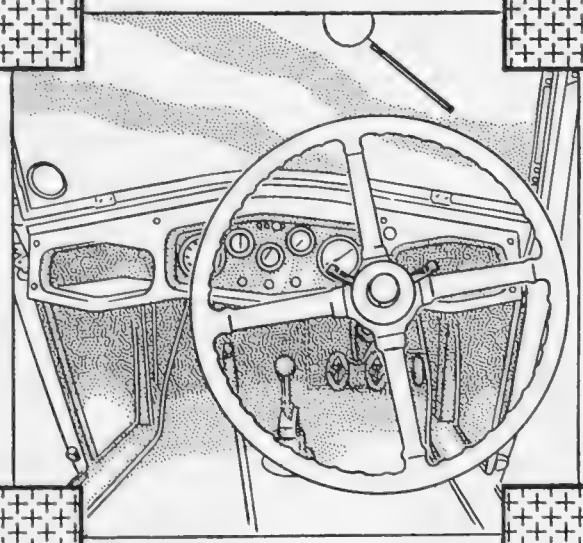

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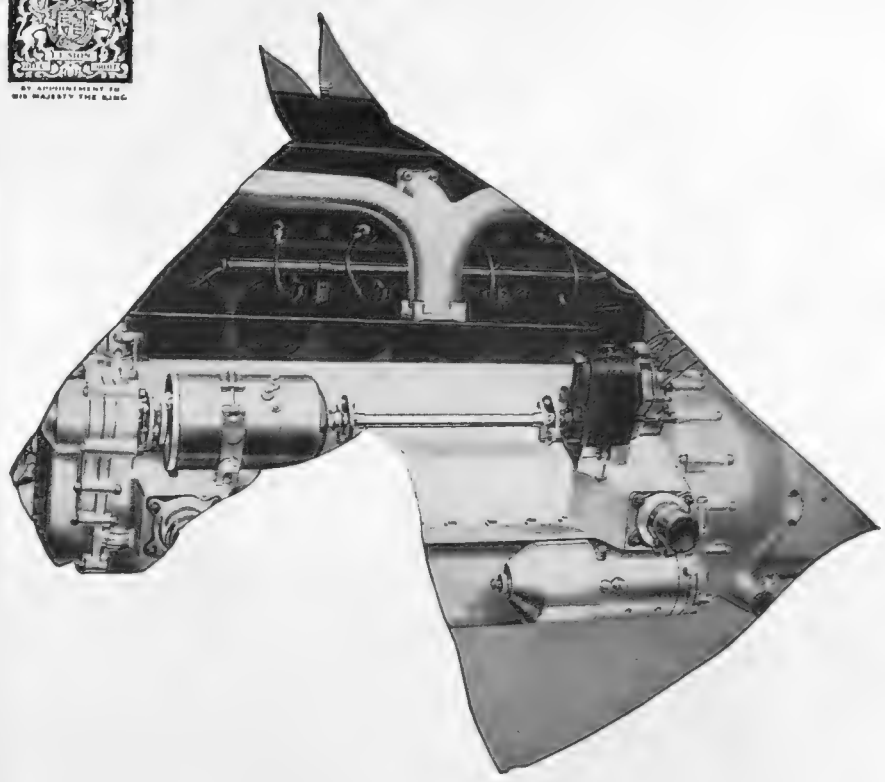


Thoroughbred . . .

"Thoroughbred" is perhaps the highest word of praise a Briton can bestow, for no one appreciates its meaning more vividly. So it is used but rarely —of bloodstock, a tall ship, a hero or a family.

To merit such recognition, our product has never refused a challenge or trial by ordeal. Proudly has Castrol proved its worth — that Britons may deem it "thoroughbred."

WAKEFIELD

CASTROL

recommended by ***ROLLS-ROYCE LTD.***

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., *All-British* Firm, LONDON, E.C.2

The PETROL World—(Cont.)

THE TWELVE-SIX AUSTIN—A Car Biography

By PERCY A. BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

ANOTHER SUCCESS.—I think I am accurate in saying that the Austin Motor Co., Ltd., have never yet produced a bad model. Perhaps I would still be correct if I were to go further and say that every new model has been a success. The latest addition to their range is that known as the Twelve-Six, and it was my pleasure during a recent week-end to try one of these cars on the road. Many manufacturers launch a new car on the market and before twelve months have passed alterations and additions are made to it, the trouble being that the car was insufficiently tested at the start or that the designers or the directors had not faith in their own product. The Austin Seven, the Austin Sixteen, and the Austin Twenty have never to my knowledge had any alteration made to them that is worth recording, the result being that the cars are thoroughly satisfactory and their purchasers have the knowledge that there are not likely to be any modifications next year or the year after which might tend to depreciate their car more than does the actual passage of time.

After my trial of the Twelve-Six I formed the favourable opinion that this new model was a sensible straightforward and efficient job that would give real service to owners for years to come without the designing staff having to be called in to make modifications. In other words the car is right.

Before trying the car I had an impression that it was just slightly larger than the Austin Seven, and might carry four people if those in the back sat at an angle. When talking to other people interested in motoring this impression appeared to be fairly general. I was, therefore, agreeably surprised to find that the saloon which was sent down to me was a full-size motor-car, and could, I think, carry five people without much trouble. I certainly had a load of four on more than one occasion, and everyone was full of praise for the comfort provided.

THE ENGINE.—The power unit of this Twelve-Six has, as its name implies, a 6-cylinder engine; not very large, but more than powerful enough for the job it has to perform. It is smooth-running, starts up easily, and is remarkably economical in fuel. On top gear it pushed the car along at 50 m.p.h. on Brookland's track, when I timed it with a stop-watch over a distance of a quarter of a mile. The gear-box gives three forward speeds as well as the usual reverse, and on second gear a speed of approximately 35 m.p.h. can be easily obtained. The gear lever is placed centrally, and is long enough to be easily manipulated.

The suspension of the car is good, and the steering is direct and sensitive. The brakes were well up to their work and inspired me with confidence to such an extent that I was always quite happy in keeping my foot pressed well down on the accelerator pedal.

As regards hill-climbing I noticed that the engine was a real sticker, and if any sort of run was obtained at a gradient there was seldom any difficulty in reaching the top on the direct drive.

THE BODY.—Coming now to the bodywork the particular car placed at my disposal was an all-metal saloon having four doors. The front seats were of the bucket type and were quickly adjustable. The whole interior was upholstered in a bluey grey shade, and I can honestly say there was no touch of cheapness discernible; in fact nice pile carpets of the same colour were provided for the occupants both in the front and in the rear.

The front windscreen was hinged at the top and could be opened at the bottom, but on one occasion when driving through very heavy rain a certain amount of water came inside, but this fault arose through inferior fitting rather from bad design, and I expect if I were to drive another I should not be able to criticize even on this small point.

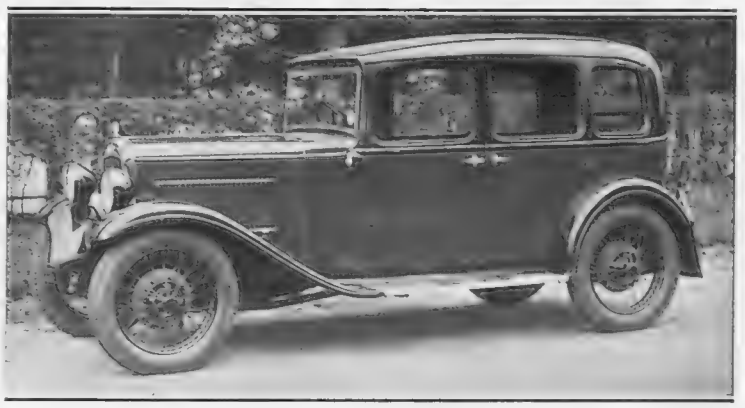
Up to this point I have not mentioned the price of the car, and if I were to tell my readers or anyone who tried the car that it sells at £300 they would still be satisfied from every angle, but in reality the car costs £198 complete. In the past the American motor trade have given us an idea as to what can be done in the way of cheap motor-cars, but in my humble opinion the Austin Motor Company offer far better value for money than has ever been the case with our transatlantic cousin. If this particular Twelve-Six Austin does not sell in even greater numbers than the Austin Seven I shall be very surprised. For the ordinary person who wishes to motor along the roads at a moderate speed without a lot of gear changing and with a marked degree of comfort there is certainly nothing better than this new Austin.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the AUSTIN TWELVE-SIX

Engine—6 Cylinders.
Bore and Stroke—61·25 mm. and 84·63 mm.
Capacity—1,496 cc.
Ignition—Battery and coil.
Clutch—Single Dry Plate.
Gear-box—Three Forward Speeds and a Reverse.
Final Drive—Spiral Bevel Gears.
Suspension—Semi-Elliptic with Zinc Interleaves.
Brakes—Foot and Hand-operated Brakes on all Four Wheels.
Electrical Equipment—12-Volt Set.
Annual Tax—£14.
Price—£198, Metal or Fabric Saloon.

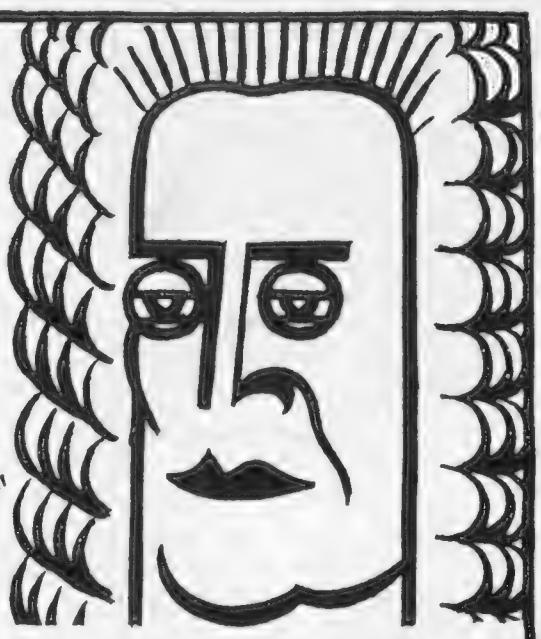
Manufacturers:

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY, LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM

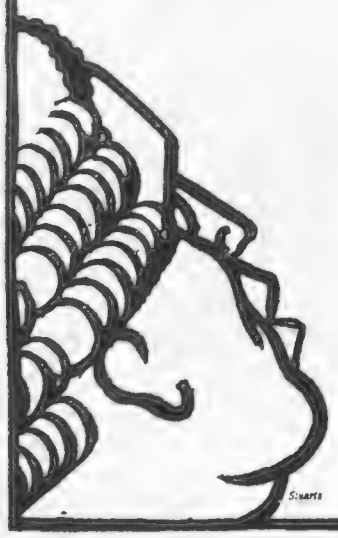


THE LATEST AUSTIN: The Twelve-Six Austin which retails at the exceptionally low price of £198 with either a metal or fabric body

COVENTRY



"But can a man have two heads?"



Counsel: "Oh yes m'lud, when he tries to follow the rapid acceleration of cars using Summer Shell Petrol . . ."

His Lordship: "Crikey."

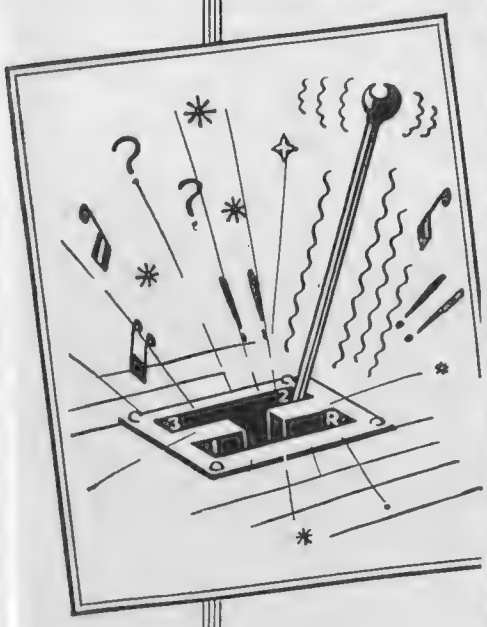
SUMMER SHELL

The petrol that is seasonally blended to suit the prevailing temperature and, by the way, to be up-to-date you *must* Shellubricate too

Warwick Wright Says

"CAN'T MISS A GEAR—CAN'T I—

SAYS YOU"



This was the remark of a dejected motorist in our showrooms.

Imagine then, his relief and delight on finding he could go right through the gearbox—up and down—by a single movement of a trigger on the steering wheel.

He could not crash the gears, despite his claim of being the world's worst driver.

These cars will also greatly appeal to you for their smoothness and comfort.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

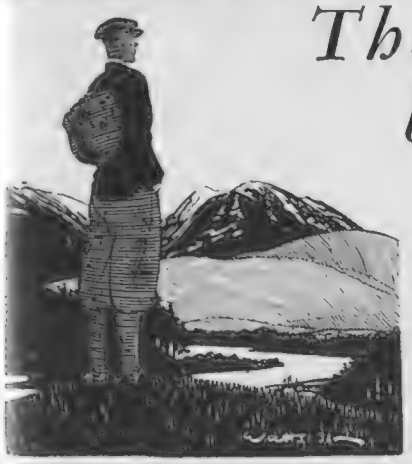
Prices from £250.

Warwick Wright Ltd

Mayfair 2904

150, NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

Woodwright



The better half . . .

There's nothing very romantic about the places where most of us have to work, so it's all the more necessary that the place we spend our holiday in should be full of romance.

Scotland is full of it and Scotland is the best place of all for those of us who get a holiday but once a year.

There are some fine stirring things to be seen in the Border country, but up in the Highlands the names, the scene, the accent of the people, the air and the very light in the sky combine to make a Scottish holiday stick in the memory like a rise of salary.

Try it this year, and you will need no persuasion next.

The journey to Scotland over the L M S line is part of the holiday; fast trains, fine coaches, a smooth track and cheap fares make it attractive to all.

Illustrated Guide, Post free 3d.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS. *This year Holiday Return Tickets with generous concessions far in advance of anything previously offered are available for your holiday. Get a copy of "L M S Cheap Fares" from any L M S Station or Town Office, or direct from Divisional Passenger Commercial Superintendent, Euston Station, N.W.1; New Street Station, Birmingham; Hunt's Bank, Manchester; or Central Station, Glasgow*

Tourist Tickets— May to October. Cheap Week-End Tickets throughout the Year

L M S

Stay at L M S Hotels

LONDON, MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY

"Oh sweetness of content!"

• Granville •

PLAYER'S

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

10 for 6d.

20 for 11½d.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

N.C.C. 278.

NAPOLEON in the SALE ROOMS

A Revival of Interest with a Growing Importance . . .

The trees in the squares and parks are shimmering in fresh green, the streets are getting fuller with private cars, Piccadilly has had its special day of congestion owing to the private view of the Academy, there are long queues of cars waiting for the opera — all indisputable marks of the opening of the London Season. The sale rooms have responded to the general tone, and give an interesting programme of coming events. Naturally the really important sales, containing very rare and beautiful things, are left to this time of the year when London is at its fullest, the private houses opening up again, and the hotels receiving guests from abroad.

For instance, there seldom appears in the sale rooms an object of such historic interest as the rich ivory and jewelled cup reputed to have belonged to Thomas à Becket, and known generally as the Howard Grace Cup, which was offered for sale on Tuesday last; whether actually handled by the murdered archbishop is uncertain, but there seems little doubt that it was in the private possession of the ill-used Queen Katharine of Aragon, who treasured it as a relic of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Since her death it has remained, through all their ups and downs of fortune, with the Howard family.

The chief interest of next week will be the dispersal of a collection of pictures and drawings once belonging to John Ruskin. The parents were painted in 1825.

Early in June some magnificent Gothic tapestries, chiefly from the Low Countries and Germany, will prove a great attraction at Messrs. Christie's. One of them, a Brussels panel, dating about 1500, shows the royal family of Maximilian I of Germany, representing Biblical figures of the Stem of Jesse. Queen Katharine of Aragon is shown with her father, King Ferdinand, and her first husband, Prince Arthur of Wales. In the same week the famous collection of Chinese porcelain and English and French decorative furniture, formed by Mr. Henry Hirsch, will also be sold. This collection has been described by no less an expert than Mr. Percy Macquoid as possessing the rare attribute of "quality."

Art Sale Catalogues

The sale of the art library belonging to the late Mr. Arthur James Sulley, the well-known picture dealer of Grosvenor Street, which took place at Messrs. Christie's a week or so ago, was of great interest to book buyers. It was of an unusual character, many sets of catalogues of art sales being a special feature. These catalogues, of great importance to collectors, from the prices marked, covered periods from the middle of the eighteenth century. Three hundred pounds was given for 128 octavo volumes of art sales in Paris from 1747 to 1875, and a set of Christie's and other auction-room catalogues from 1786 to 1883 was sold for £500.

TO BE SOLD IN JUNE AT CHRISTIE'S: A Brussels panel—13 ft. 3 in. high, 10 ft. 10 in. wide—*circa* 1500, depicting the Stem of Jesse, with a scene in a Jewish Gothic house; the Biblical figures are said to be represented by Royal and other personages of the period of about 1500, of the Royal House of Maximilian I of Germany, and also the Aragon-Castile House of Spain under Ferdinand V and Isabella the Catholic. Jesse is said to be represented by the Emperor Frederick III, David by his son Maximilian I; beside them Bianca Sforza; behind them, wearing a crown, is Margaret, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian; on Margaret's left, her costume inscribed "Vita," is her mother, Mary of Burgundy, daughter of Charles the Bold, and Ludivico il Moro; or possibly this figure may represent Duke Galeozzo of Milan. Various courtiers are grouped behind them. On the right of the reading-desk, represented as Solomon, is Philip the Fair, son of Maximilian; on his right is his wife, Johanna of Aragon-Castile; behind her is her father, King Ferdinand, and on his left his third daughter, Maria, second wife of King Emanuel of Portugal, and next to her is Katharine, who subsequently became Queen Katharine of England. The date of the tapestry is ascribed to 1497

A Single Sheet of Manuscript for £70

To the general public who can never appreciate what really commands attention and consequent money in the sale room, the prices obtained for two small sheets of paper at Messrs. Sotheby's will come as a surprise. Seventy pounds was given for *one* closely-written autograph manuscript of *Tom Tiddler's Ground*, one of Dickens's short stories comprised in the Christmas stories, and £27 for a mere leaflet advertising the first numbers of *The Pickwick Papers* in 1836.

But the Napoleon relics at the same sale were even more interesting. There was a red leather portfolio with the famous N tooled in gold, a gift from Napoleon to Josephine and in which she kept his letters. This was sold for £230. A pocket case in green leather, also bearing the Imperial arms and the inevitable N, excited historic memories in that it had held the rough draft of Napoleon's act of abdication. One felt almost envious of anyone who could possess the £290 for which it was purchased. The marriage certificate of Napoleon and Josephine (March, 1796) was included in a remarkable series of letters, documents, and portraits relating to Napoleon and his family, which was sold in one lot for £1,200.

A Letter of Mary Queen of Scots

In 1574, when a prisoner in Sheffield Castle, Queen Mary wrote a letter to Monsieur de la Motbe Fénélon, the French Ambassador in England, sending polite messages to "madame, ma bonne sœur," for whom she had been making some presents of fine needlework, an art in which she excelled. The letter is in her own handwriting, and fetched £290.

A Suit of Armour Fetches 3,600 Guineas

Buyers from Italy, France, and other parts of Europe were to be seen at Messrs. Christie's on May 5, when the collection of armour belonging to the late Sir Henry Burke, Garter King of Arms, was sold. For once one does not have to complain that everything of importance fell to the foreign bidder, for nearly all the best pieces were bought by London dealers. An opening bid of 1,000 guineas was offered for a superb suit of armour of Italian origin, having the mark of Arrigolo d'Arconte, an armourer of Milan between 1428–1426. This fell at 3,600 guineas.

By Appointment to

H.M. the Queen. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

An early XVIIIth century small Pianoforte, by Ferdinand Weber, in mahogany case with folding supports.

GENUINE ANTIQUE FURNITURE

M. HARRIS & SONS

44 to 52, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

SOTHEBY & CO.

(ESTABLISHED 1744)

34-35, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1

FORTHCOMING SALES BY AUCTION—Each Sale commencing at One o'clock precisely

MAY 18th.—The final Portion of the MANUSCRIPTS and LIBRARY of JOHN RUSKIN and the property of JOSEPH ARTHUR P. SEVERN, Esq., and of Mrs. MANDER. *Illustrated Catalogues 1/-*

MAY 19th.—MODERN ETCHINGS.

MAY 20th.—The Collection of PICTURES and DRAWINGS, the property of the late JOHN RUSKIN and of the late JOSEPH ARTHUR P. SEVERN, Esq. *Illustrated Catalogues (8 plates) 3/-*

SALE, MAY 21st.
A fine "Famille Verte" Vase—K'ang-hsi.

Sales on view at least three days prior.

Catalogues may be had.

SALE, MAY 20th.
Oil Painting, "The Madonna and Child" (Botticelli), from the Collection of John Ruskin.

MAY 21st.—Valuable CHINESE PORCELAIN, Fine OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE, etc., comprising the property of the late G. N. STEVENS, Esq., and of Miss LILIAN COLSTON (deceased).
Illustrated Catalogues (3 plates) 1/6

MAY 28th-29th.—WORKS of ART, comprising TEXTILES, CARPETS, Chinese and Persian POTTERY, English GLASS, PORCELAIN and FURNITURE.

JUNE 1st-3rd.—PRINTED BOOKS.

JUNE 1st.—MODERN ETCHINGS.

JUNE 2nd.—OLD ENGRAVINGS.

JUNE 4th.—ENGLISH PORCELAIN and POTTERY comprising the property of Miss LILIAN COLSTON (deceased) and of the late GEORGE N. STEVENS, Esq.
Illustrated Catalogues may be had.

JUNE 5th.—OLD ENGLISH and other FURNITURE, WORKS OF ART, etc.

Printed lists of prices and buyers' names may be purchased after each sale. Particulars on application. No priced catalogues are issued.

SALE, JUNE 4th.
A fine Whieldon Figure of a Cavalryman.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

ENGLISH PERFUMES

HONEYSUCKLE
STEPHANOTIS. CUIR DE RUSSIE (Russia Leather Perfume)
FREESIA.
FLORIS ETC.
89, JERMYN STREET, LONDON.

Georg Jensen Silver

VEGETABLE DISH

15B, New Bond Street, London, W.1

By Appointment
GILL & REIGATE Ltd.
25-26 GEORGE ST, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON W.1

A group of 18th Century Dining-Room Furniture.

FURNITURE DECORATIONS

BRITISH **Rubber** SHOES for BRITISH FEET

The Latest Dunlop Innovation

SHOES FOR THE MILLION: A scene in the Dunlop factories at Walton, Liverpool. The shoes are ranged on an endless belt

During the last seven years nearly £6,000,000 has been lost to British industry by the importation of over 40,000,000 pairs of rubber footwear, a large proportion of which were sports shoes. Until last year when this country bought from abroad 14,920,860 pairs of rubber footwear of a value of £1,719,419, these imports have been steadily increasing year by year. France alone sells us more than one million pairs a year and Belgium some two million pairs. The Dunlop factory at Walton is being extended as an effort to secure as much of this trade as possible for Great Britain. The factory is wholly occupied in making rubber footwear. The uppers of the Dunlop sports shoes are made of a special flexible cotton fabric produced by the textile technologists of the Dunlop-cotton mills at Rochdale which are the largest self-contained cotton mills in the world. The soles are made either in transparent crêpe or in white crêpe which is ideal for hard-court tennis. Each sole is locked to its upper by a sole-locking strip. It is a matter for congratulation that such shoes are now being made at home.

TENNIS SHOES: One of the Dunlop employees with a load of excellent British foot gear

ZIP FASTENERS: Dunlops are concentrating not only on tennis shoes but on every type of rubber footwear

HIP BOOTS are also being manufactured by Dunlops—as are short rubber Wellington boots (seen above)

COMMEMORATING A VICTORY OVER BRITAIN: The memorial to Admiral de Grasse executed in bronze, which has just been presented to the French Government by Mr. Walter E. Edge, the American Ambassador to France, to commemorate the "glorious victory" against the British Fleet during the War of Independence. Landowski, the sculptor, is seen putting the finishing touches to the memorial

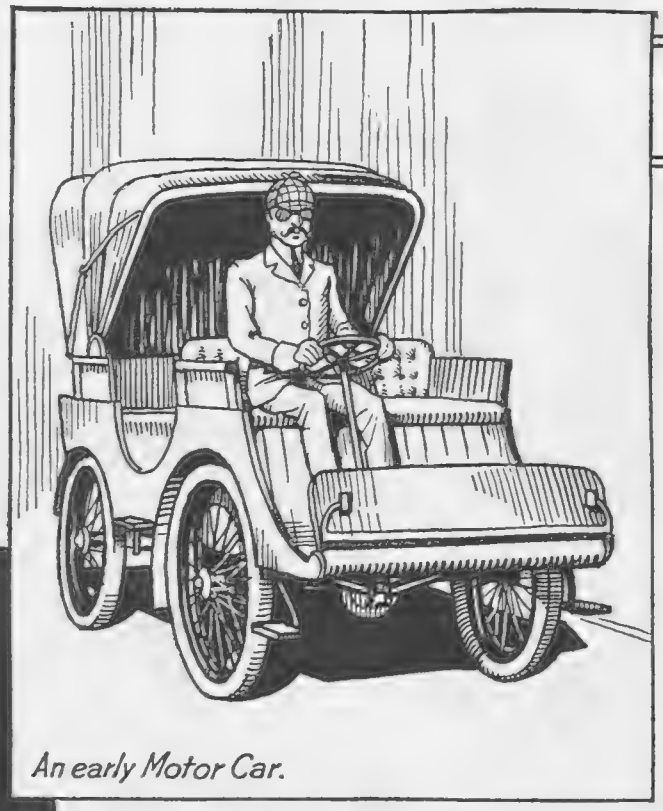
THE GRASSE MEMORIAL

The announcement that a memorial has just been erected in France to commemorate the victory of Admiral de Grasse over the British Fleet in 1781, may cause some amazement to those who share secretly in the belief of Messer John de Stoghumber that "No Englishman is ever fairly beaten."

When Admiral de Grasse sailed from Brest and made his way to the Chesapeake River, Rodney sent Hood to reinforce Admiral Graves, then at New York. The combined fleet proceeded to the Chesapeake River, where they found de Grasse, with a fleet which outnumbered theirs by five ships of the line. Unfortunately Hood had to serve under Admiral Graves, who was his senior in rank but whose naval ability was decidedly inferior. He tried to force a battle upon De Grasse, who held off an attack for several days, gradually forcing Graves out of the Chesapeake till a further addition to the French fleet arrived making any continuance of fighting obviously impossible. Graves withdrew the fleet successfully but left the French in control of the Chesapeake, and thereby brought about the surrender of Yorktown, which was virtually the end of the war.

It is with satisfaction that one learns that De Grasse was not long able to vaunt his victory over the British, for the following April he was decisively beaten in an action off the West Indies, and was actually captured by Hood, who was thus able to avenge the failure at the Virginia Capes.

WONDERS OF THE AGES..

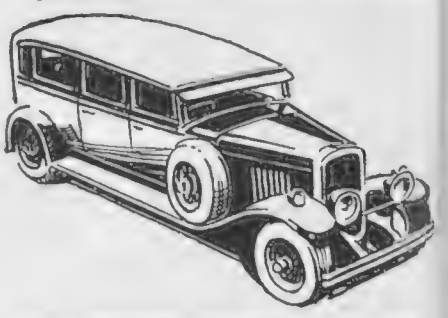


An early Motor Car.

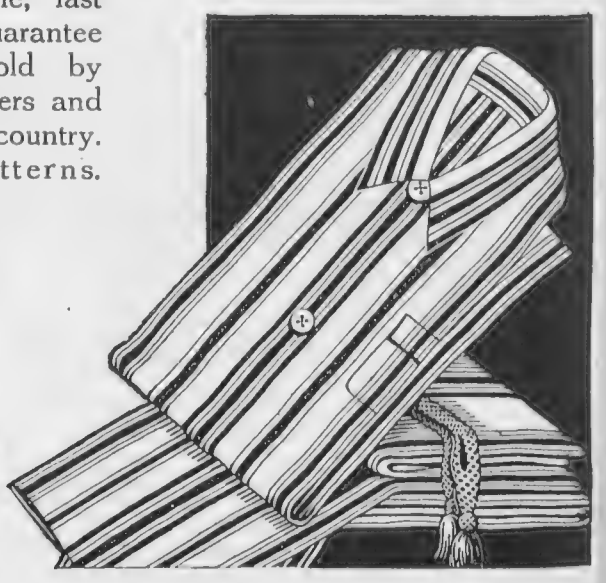
They marvelled at the first Motor Car...

and excused its solid tyres and frequent breakdowns. This more critical age demands comfort, appearance and efficiency . . . in Shirts and Pyjamas as in motor-cars. Hence the preference for the smooth, smart and enduring "Tricoline" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas. Obtainable in the newest fine, fast designs, with a 100% guarantee for wear, they are sold by principal Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores throughout the country. See the newest patterns.

Tricoline
WEATHERCOATS
made and proofed by Nicholson & Co., St. Albans. Rainproof yet porous. Cool and Light.



You will marvel at ...



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THE EQUAL TO SILK
SHIRTS, COLLARS & PYJAMAS

A Wemco Fabric.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write M.9, "TRICOLINE" House, 19, Watling St., London, E.C. 4

FOR MORE than a HUNDRED YEARS

HAMPTONS have secured to their Customers Value in CARPETS

WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN SURPASSED

For BEST VALUES in HOME FURNISHINGS See HAMPTONS' New BOOK C. 205, "SPRING 1931" post free

For example:

HAMPTONS' EXTRA FINE-GRADE

INDIAN CARPETS

These are closely woven with a fine quality deep pile and are confidently recommended to withstand the hardest wear and give every satisfaction.

As it is only by personal inspection that the superiority of these carpets over other grades can be realised, Hamptons strongly recommend prospective Purchasers to view the selection now on sale in their showrooms. The stock comprises a great variety of the most recent productions all of which exemplify exceptionally pleasing colour effects. The range of sizes is very extensive, those quoted below being typical examples only.

A typical example of the designs is illustrated herewith

ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.
6 2 ×	6 2	4 0 6
8 10 ×	6 11	6 9 6
9 1 ×	6 3	6 1 0
9 1 ×	7 4	7 1 6
9 6 ×	9 1	9 3 0
9 9 ×	6 11	7 3 0
10 2 ×	7 10	8 9 0
10 2 ×	10 2	10 19 0
10 3 ×	9 2	9 19 6
10 10 ×	9 3	10 12 0
11 2 ×	9 2	10 16 6
11 3 ×	8 5	10 1 0
11 4 ×	8 1	9 14 0
12 1 ×	9 1	11 12 6
12 2 ×	8 0	10 6 6
12 2 ×	10 1	13 0 0
12 4 ×	12 1	15 15 6
13 2 ×	11 3	15 13 0
13 7 ×	10 0	14 7 6
14 0 ×	9 3	13 14 0
14 11 ×	12 0	18 18 6
15 4 ×	10 3	16 12 6
15 7 ×	12 4	20 6 0
16 2 ×	13 3	22 13 0
16 3 ×	11 3	19 6 6
16 5 ×	12 2	21 2 6
20 3 ×	12 0	25 13 0

HAMPTONS' EXTRA FINE-GRADE

WILTON CARPETS

Best British Manufacture.

These are manufactured with a superior quality worsted yarn, the weaving of which is exceptionally close. This fineness of texture permits of the exact reproduction of the most intricate details of rare Oriental pieces. These carpets are strongly recommended, not only for their unusually rich effects but also for their reliability to give the utmost satisfaction in wear. The range of designs and colourings is exceptionally great. A large proportion, of which the above illustration is an example, are exclusively produced for Hamptons. In addition to the sizes quoted below, many others are available at proportionate prices.

ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.
7 6 ×	6 9 ...	7 0 9
9 0 ×	6 9 ...	8 8 9
9 0 ×	9 0 ...	11 5 0
10 6 ×	6 9 ...	9 17 0
10 6 ×	9 0 ...	13 2 6
12 0 ×	9 0 ...	15 0 0
12 0 ×	11 3 ...	18 15 0
13 6 ×	9 0 ...	16 17 6
13 6 ×	11 3 ...	21 2 0
15 0 ×	9 0 ...	18 15 0
15 0 ×	11 3 ...	23 8 9
16 6 ×	11 3 ...	25 15 9
18 0 ×	11 3 ...	28 2 6

An inspection and comparison of the actual quality of these carpets is strongly recommended to anyone who is about to purchase carpets of this exceptionally fine character.

Works and all Factories:
QUEEN'S ROAD,
BATTERSEA, S.W.8

Telegraphic Address:
"HAMITIC, LONDON."

HAMPTONS
Decorators · Furnishers

PALL MALL EAST,
LONDON, S.W.1
'Phone: GERRARD 0030.

Hamptons pay carriage to any Railway Station in Great Britain.

Margery Gay was born in May

Freetoze Shoes for children are obtainable at most branches of the Dolcis Shoe Co. They are made from fine leathers by craftsmen who know exactly the requirements of the growing foot—natural shape, roomy fittings and perfect finish.

Orders by Post

These should be addressed to Headquarters, Dolcis Shoe Company, Dolcis House, Great Dover Street, London, S.E.1

STYLE 5108 (*Left*).
A new Instep Tie Shoe for children, made in best quality patent, particularly smart for Summer wear.
Sizes: 7—10 - **7/11** pair.
,, 11—1 - **8/11** ,,
,, 2—5 **10/9** ,,

COLOURED PATENTS (*Right*).
An attractive and inexpensive children's Shoe for Summer wear in coloured patent leather with light coloured saddle. In green, red, beige and blue.
Sizes: 3—6 - **6/11** pair.
,, 7—10 - **7/11** ,,
,, 11—1 - **8/11** ,,

FREETOZE
FOOTWEAR FOR CHILDREN

Obtainable at most branches of the Dolcis Shoe Co.

AFTER SUMMER GAMES

What is better than a Shower Bath?

If your Bathroom is not provided with this apparatus you can be supplied with anything that may be desired, from a simple shower fitting to suit an ordinary bath, to an independent Shower and Spray Bath with Glass Screens to prevent splashing.

A visit to the Showrooms, where many articles suggesting improvements are displayed, would assist in making a selection.

The Jennings Catalogue will be sent on request.

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NOTES and NEWS

A MARINE *THÉ DANSANT*

Lady Louis Mountbatten on Wednesday last presided over a meeting held at Brook House, Park Lane, W., in connection with the Luncheon and Thé Dansant in aid of the Friends of the Poor Charity Organization to be held on board the Canadian Pacific luxury liner, the *Empress of Britain*, at Southampton on May 20. Lady Bertha Dawkins and the heads of the committees in charge of the arrangements reported a brisk inquiry for tickets. Many leaders of town and county society are arranging to be present with their parties and to take this, the very first opportunity, of seeing under attractive social auspices the completed wonders of the splendid liner launched by the Prince of Wales last June. Tickets at £2 2s. each (including 1st class railway fare from London to Southampton and return) may be obtained upon communicating with Lady Bertha Dawkins at Kensington Palace, S.W.

THE CIRCUIT OF SICILY

The Circuit of Sicily last Sunday (May 3) was won by an O.M. driven by Rosa and Morandi at an average speed of 51 m.p.h. Wakefield Castrol Oil was used throughout. The frequency with which Continental racing drivers make use of British accessories is a striking tribute to their quality and to the world-wide reputation they enjoy.

FOR ALL WHO ADVERTISE

The 1931 edition of *Sell's Newspaper Press List*, published by Sells, Limited, 168, Fleet Street, E.C.4, at 2s. 6d., has reached our desk. It marks a great advance on previous issues. Not only is it more informative than ever, but its general make-up is more attractive. It has a stiff paper cover with a crash finish. The cover design is arresting. This year the Overseas Dominions and the foreign sections have been increased greatly, and should be of great value to any firm conducting advertising overseas. Interesting statistics are given at the beginning of the book, especially a series of population tables, arranging the towns in each county in decreasing order of population, while alongside are details of the papers published in each town. No more useful tables could be found for firms contemplating localized campaigns. A book every advertisement manager should have at his elbow.

SPECLETTES

"Speclettes," the name under which Hamblin's patent folding spectacles are known and sold, are the epitome of all that is neat, dainty, and serviceable in the manufacture of the modern spectacle frame. Between the modern Speclettes and the ordinary tortoiseshell spectacles there is a difference in appearance, comfort, and portability. With the introduction of Speclettes the difficulty of carrying spectacles has been satisfactorily solved. No longer is the long, bulky case needed; the substitution of a small, neat case no larger than a watch enables the wearer to carry even several pairs of Speclettes without the slightest inconvenience. Speclettes are full-sized spectacles designed to fold into the smallest possible space. The folding feature, however, does not in any way interfere with the efficiency of the frame. In fact, the metal bridge and joints have the effect of reinforcing the frame and so making it stronger and more rigid than an ordinary tortoiseshell frame. In achieving this delightful portability, the most exacting requirements of the surgeon's prescription are in no way sacrificed. In a properly designed folding-spectacle-frame such as Speclettes, patients may be assured that the prescription is in no way modified nor interfered with. Although whenever possible personal measurements should be taken for fitting Speclettes, it sometimes happens that a visit to Hamblin's fitting-rooms, 15, Wigmore Street, W.1, for this purpose is not convenient. In such a case it is possible to calculate the necessary measurements from an existing pair of spectacles sent through the post.

DOWELL'S OF EDINBURGH

The famous auction rooms of the north, which are to Edinburgh what Christie's and Sotheby's are to London, are situated at 18, George Street, one of the famous thoroughfares of the Scottish capital. Nearly a century and a half ago the greatest Scottish painter of all time, Henry Raeburn, on returning from his Italian tour, set up in 18, George Street, his studio and leapt almost immediately into fame as a portrait painter; remaining there from 1787 until the close of the eighteenth century, when he moved to York Place. The portraits of William Inglis, Alexander Wood, Andrew Duncan (all famous physicians), Principal Robertson, Professor Adam Ferguson, and Lord Provost Elder of Forneth, were all painted at George Street. In 1841, Mr. James Dowell started business in the building, removing thereto from Thistle Street and Hanover Street. In 1879 the building was reconstructed into its present form with auction rooms, offices, and property sale rooms. The present designs were executed and designed by the late Hamilton Beattie.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Mr. F. H. Clayton, Chairman and Treasurer of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, presided at the annual Statutory Meeting of the Incorporated Society on Monday, May 11. The Report stated that there was a serious fall in the Society's receipts from donations and legacies during the year, resulting in a cash deficiency of £3,380, in spite of very many administrative and other economies that had been effected. The total expenditure during the year had amounted to £89,513 6s. 4d,, which included the cost of purchase and part of the expense of adapting Esher Place as a home for 178 girls. This home was formally opened by the Princess Helena-Victoria last November. The address of the Society's headquarters, where all gifts will be gratefully received, is 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

A FAMOUS DUTCH RESORT: A vista on the famous sands of Scheveningen—the seaside resort but three miles from Holland's capital, The Hague. The basket chairs are a feature of the beach. In addition to its own attractions and amenities Scheveningen is an excellent centre for excursions

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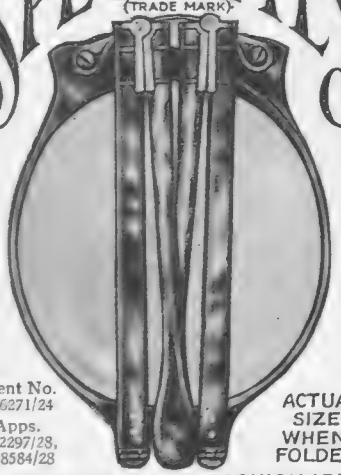

Patent No. 236271/24
Apps. 322297/28, 328584/28
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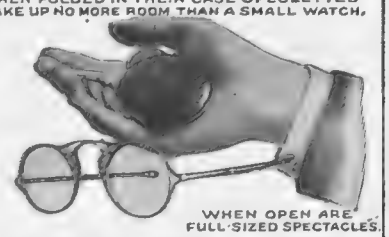
THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW SHEWS THAT WHEN FOLDED IN THEIR CASE SPECLETTES TAKE UP NO MORE ROOM THAN A SMALL WATCH.



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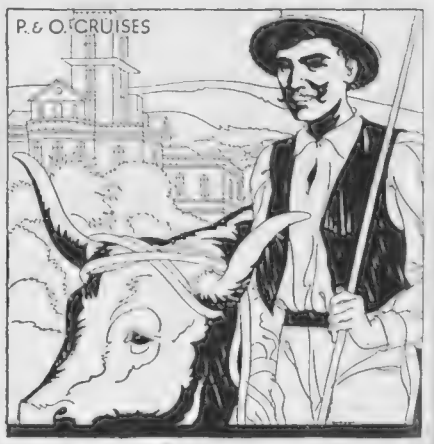

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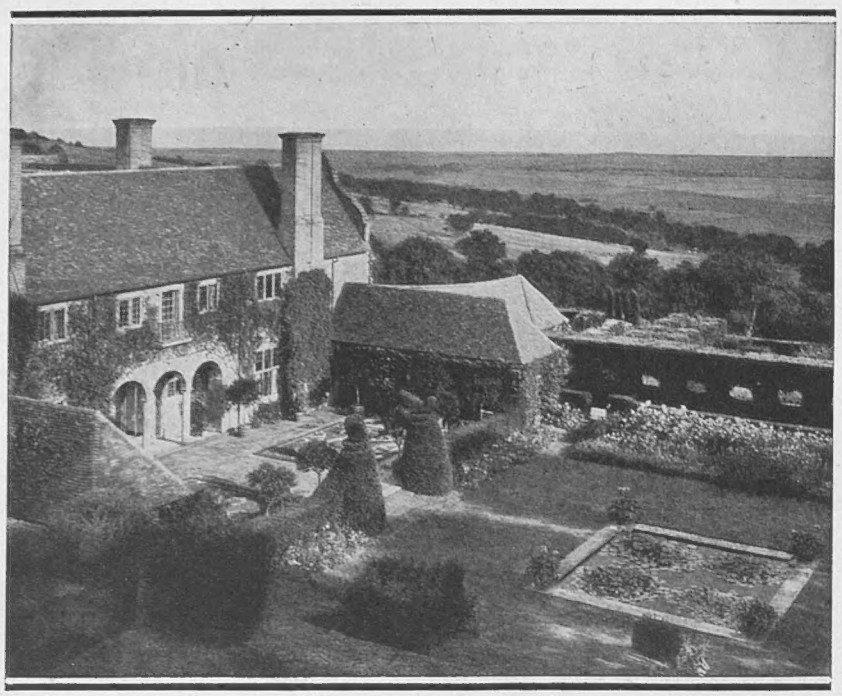


PORT LYMPNE: The Kentish home of Sir Philip Sassoon, showing the lily pond in the centre of the lawn. The house is in old-world style with a Flemish ended gable

MAY in the GARDEN

The Time for Hardening of Bedding-out Plants; Planning and Planting Autumn Borders; the Pageantry of the Cherry Orchard

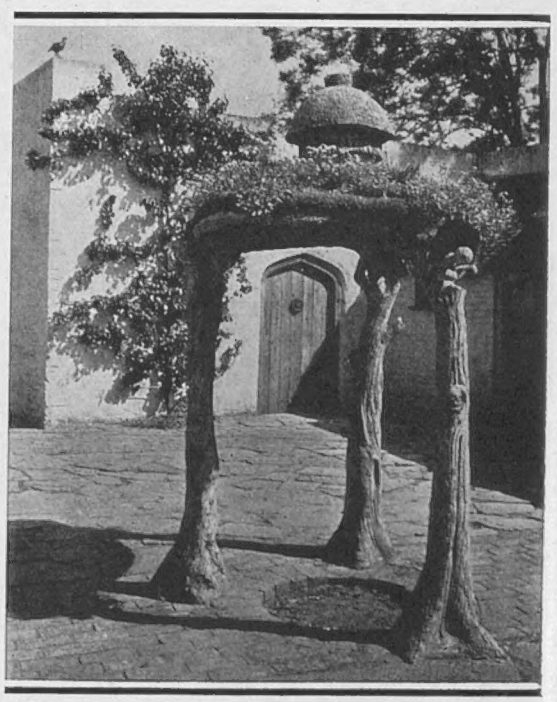
May this year must be largely a month of resowing. The heavy and perpetual rains of the latter half of April exposed the seedlings to the attacks of voracious armies of snails and slugs. Delphiniums and peas, sweet and green, particularly have suffered. Lucky will the gardener be whose green peas are ready for the spring ducklings. Lost time, however, is quickly made up where the soil is warm and kindly. Nor is it too late to sow many varieties of annuals in the open ground, balsam for instance, and stocks. And the half-hardy annuals, such as asters and zinnias, are best sown now. Since gardening is essentially a matter of looking ahead, the present is the time for sowing the seeds of the wallflowers of next Spring. They should be sown very thinly on poor soil. Among them Cheiranthus Allionii must not be forgotten, as it is of a more compact growth and flowers longer than the common variety.

May, however, is *par excellence* the month for hardening off the bedding-out plants for the summer borders. Antirrhinums, dianthus, phlox Drummondii, verbenas, and stocks should all be in their places now. At the end of the month it should be safe to bed out the more delicate plants like salvia patens, lobelia cardinalis, as well as petunias, early balsams, and begonias. Sweet peas should have a good mulching and be carefully staked. It is not too late to make further sowings of these for a succession of blooms for cutting.

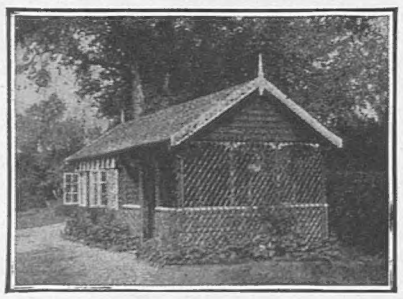
Staking is a tiresome but necessary task. But it must be done everywhere now, if the sudden thunderstorm is not to wreak destruction among the summer plants. Cotoneasters should be pruned whilst still in flower this month. It is perhaps not generally known that this shrub has a special attraction for queen wasps. If these are caught now much valuable fruit will be saved. It is wise to transplant such bulbs of daffodils and tulips as it is desired to move, before one has forgotten where they are. They can be shifted as soon as the flowers are dead. Primroses and polyanthuses, too, should be divided up as soon as they have finished flowering, and replanted in a cool border until autumn.

The planning and planting of autumn borders must also be carried out now, if the best results are to be obtained. Dahlias if grown from tubers will have begun to shoot in April, and should then have been planted out in the borders. But the seedlings must wait till May is nearing June. Chrysanthemums can now be put into their flowering quarters. Nor is it too late to complete the autumn colour scheme by planting in bold clumps the bulbs of the autumn flowering gladioli. For the autumn rock garden, do not forget that hardy and glorious alpine, the gentiana sino-ornata, which flowers despite frost and snow through the back end of the year.

As we write, the cherry orchards are white with blossom and the apples are showing pink. But whether in orchard or in the garden, on bush or standard or espalier, the promise of fruit will only be fulfilled if the proper moment is chosen for guarding the trees against the onslaughts of the pests which lurk ready to devour or spoil it. In a few days' time the gardener must be prepared to spray the fruit trees with some insecticide. Whether he choose the old-fashioned but effective nicotine and soap spray, or one of the more modern preparations, the time is at hand and it must not be missed.



FOR A COURTYARD: A novel dove-cote mounted on three tree-trunks made of cement



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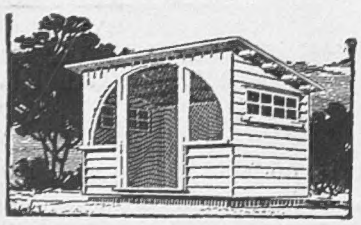

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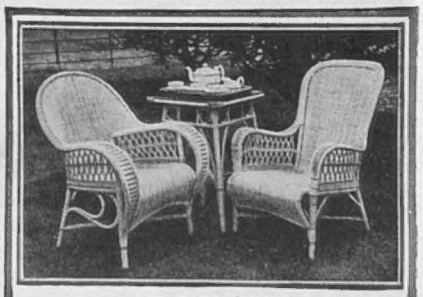

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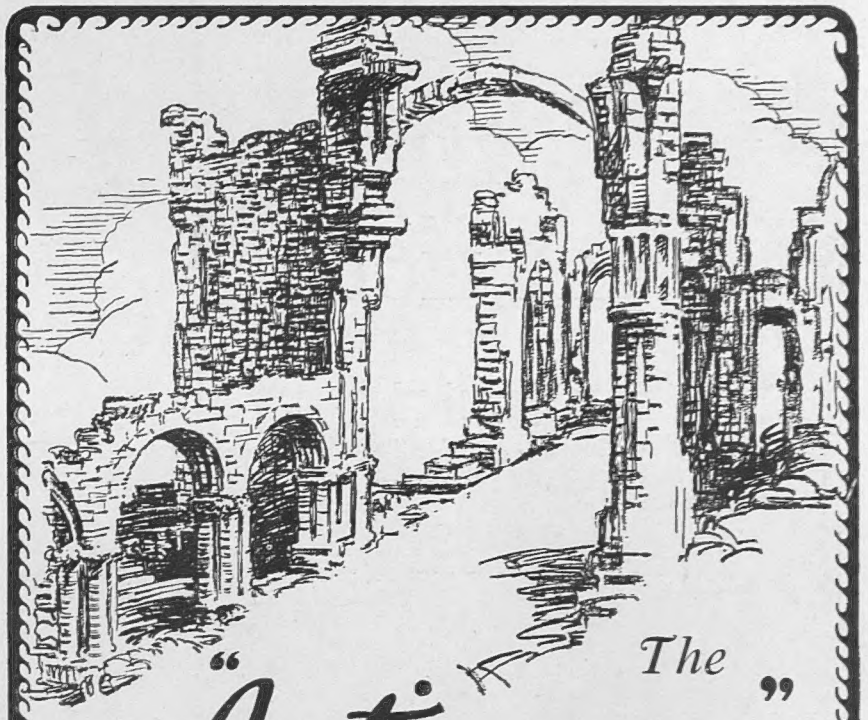

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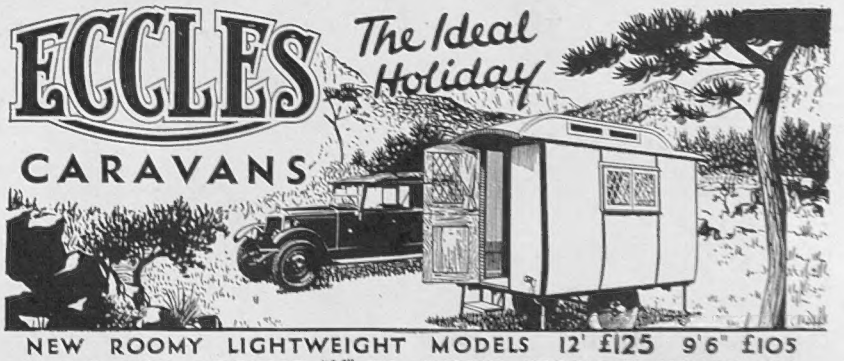

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